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ROLANDO.

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ROLANDO.

A ROMANCE.

1. Findings [illegible]

William Gibson

ROLANDO:

A ROMANCE.

By ALEXANDER HENRY, Esq.

Lady Macbeth.—"Are you a man?"
Macbeth.—"Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
which might appal the devil."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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ROLANDO,

A Romance.

THE chapel bell ceased to toll—

The priest began vespers.

The brown screech-owl pecked and adjusted her speckled cloak in the cold moonbeams, on the rugged ivied turrets.

W-S: 20NOV 34

This was the hour Rolando, unperceived, departed from the castle of Loch-Clonny. He entered the wood, that seemed, by the rising moon, to cloud the valley from the Loch to the mountains; and had not proceeded far until he heard the deep, hoarse bark of his attached dog, Wolf. He soon arrived at the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there met his servants, Mara and Sandy.

They saluted their lord, and assisted him to arm. He flung away his cap, and put on a war bonnet—his cloak and doublet he changed for a corslet and plaid; over his left shoulder he slung a pointed target, an

ice-water blade hung at his side, and thus accoutred, he vaulted on the broad back of a proud black courser.

The full moon, now risen o'er the craigs of the adjacent mountains, shed an awful light through the thick embowering foliage of the ancient forest of Clonny;—all was still, save the trampling of the horses o'er the spungy turf, and sometimes the snap of a rotten branch that lay across their path. "Remember," said Rolando, "my orders; my happiness, my all, perhaps my life, depends on your undaunted spirits; if we succeed, your fortunes are made; but if not——

"Is Lady Julia prepared, my lord?" said Sandy.

"No—if she was, I would require no assistance. Her chamber, unfortunately, is within that of the governor, her father; but is not this the house of your father, Mara?"

"It is, my lord."

"Then get the bar quickly, and follow us."

They were now joined by Mara, and it

was not long until they arrived in a small shady glen, under the fort of Achintie, where they left Wolf to take care of the horses, drew their broad blades, and mounted the nearly inaccessible rocks that nature had rudely raised as a bulwark. They were not long in climbing the ancient battlements, and soon stood unperceived on the level platform. Sandy (according to Rolando's commands) stationed himself at a narrow lane, leading to the ground before the governor's castle, and Mara followed his lord until he came to the portal.

Our hero, having surveyed the spot, and found every thing silent as the grave, from

the folds of his plaid drew a ladder of ropes, the hooks of which he threw over the balcony of Julia's window; having ascended, he wrenched the iron bars that grated it, and scarcely had finished, when he heard a shriek! It was Julia!—"Rolando," said he, and descended. A heavy black cloud now passed over the moon, as a light glimmered from the window; he saw the governor enter the apartment, who remained not long after leaving a lamp with Julia. Rolando once more mounted the plaited cords, and she gently unlocked the wicket. "For heaven's sake, what has brought you here, Rolando?"

"To carry you far from this, Julia," was the reply. "Ah! said she, Scotland does not hold in all her gloomy mountains that cave so lonely, so far from man, that would be a secure retreat for the hapless Julia.—Hush! my father stirs;—I hear his step;—away!"

The door was now opened by the governor, who instantly retreated, and bolted it outside.—"Heaven befriend us!" said Rolando, as he bore the willing Julia down the ladder.—The alarm-bell now rang.—They had not descended many steps ere they heard a deep groan. Rolando now leaped from off the cords with Julia, and they were almost instantaneously surrounded

by a troop of armed soldiers, who made the moon-lit fortress ring with this appalling sentence,—"Down with the murderer of the governor." In an instant every arm was raised against the devoted head of the unfortunate Rolando;—Julia fell at his feet;—he madly rushed on the half-sleeping troop, and his blade dealt death at every wave. At length, overpowered and faint, he staggered,—fell,—and in this situation, was dragged by the exulting soldiers to the guard-room.

By the lights that burned there, they knew Rolando as being Lord of Loch-Clonny, and, fearing that they had gone

too far, were going to set him at liberty, till an order from the captain dispelled their fears; in an instant he was disarmed, bound, and led to the strongest subterranean dungeon of the fort. In this situation, without any hope to cheer him, or any companion save his own agonized reflections, he lay on the cold damp pavement, till Aurora peeped through the barred windows of his prison.—He heard the wild heath-cock crowing from the craigs that surrounded the fort; then raised himself disconsolate from the ground; and, as well as his chains would allow, staunched his wounds, which were but superficial, with

part of his plaid, which he bound strongly around them.

He heard the heavy walk of the sentinel, as slowly he paced the gallery outside the gloomy cell. At this moment the door was opened, and the captain of the guard entered, who told him "that the governor, Lord Ribblestone, had on that night been murdered by an unknown hand, and that hand he supposed belonged to one of Rolando's troop; he said, he was found weltering in his blood by his almost frantic daughter, (Rolando started!) who with much difficulty was dragged from the

fitful body, then working in death's horrid grimaces." "Oh! how is that daughter?" said Rolando eagerly.

"Well," replied the captain; "as I myself this morning delivered into her hand a pacquet from her father, signed by him some time before his death. But, my lord," continued he, "this prison is not sufficiently strong to hold you, so near your clan; you must be most secretly and instantly conveyed to Stirling castle." Rolando heard this heavy news with cool fortitude: "Do your duty, captain," said he, "and no one can blame you; and if it is your duty to separate two faithful unfortu-

nate lovers, e'en do so." The captain made no answer, but called in a soldier, who instantly unbound our hero, and with a strong guard he was conducted from the fort.

The morning vapours, that arose to meet the rising sun, now covered the broomy tops of the dark brown, rugged mountains, that seemed to raise their towering heads to lower on the armed troop which was conducting the youthful Rolando to prison. He sighed deeply, as, passing their wild sides, he thought of Julia, thus torn from his protection; (and he knew that she relied on none but him.) As the troop passed a narrow ravine in the gloomy mountain, they

were met by a Highlandman, in whose strong features Rolando recognized the father of Mara, who passed, scarce looking at his unfortunate chief. They had now just entered into the most deserted part of this stony wilderness, when they again met old Mara with a band of mountaineers, who accosted the troop in the following rough lines:

"You English bloodhounds, loose that sacred man,
"Or prepare to be quarter'd by his faithful clan."

They, seeing every rock teeming with arms, and with hearts as tempered as the

steel that guarded them, instantly fled without striking a blow, or pausing for an instant to determine what line of conduct they should pursue. Our hero was thus left with his cheering tartans, but deemed it not safe to remain with them, knowing that, as the fortress party was much more powerful, if he waited until the fugitives could reach Achintie, he would again be seized; therefore he changed his clothes, and taking an affectionate farewell of his friends, was soon lost among the misty rocks; and alone and destitute, without friend or director, took the nearest and most solitary path to the ocean.

He was dressed in a grey jerkin of coarse cloth, a Scots bonnet, and blue trowsers; the only arms he wore was a dagger, which he carried in the folds of a scarlet silk sash that encompassed his waist, and in his hand he held the broken handle of a halbert. Thus, the picture of despair, he wandered from the only clime on earth that he held dear; and after travelling all day in silent grief, at the approach of night stopped at a little hut, situated on the side of a steep hill, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a young man who had just arisen from his bed. He asked him, if he could allow a wretched traveller to remain under

his roof till morning: the peasant consented, and Rolando entered.

The hovel was completely dark, but the owner of it found a turf still burning, that was carefully covered with ashes; and with it set fire to a large bundle of dry sedge, that immediately illuminated this rude-built habitation. Whilst the flame lasted, the man was alternately viewing our deserted hero, and looking for a candle, which he found and lighted; then, after putting a leg in an old chair, which by continual use had fallen out, he desired Rolando to be seated, threw some turf on the fire, and after talking for a few minutes about the weather, and asking

him some questions, whence he came, whither he was going, and others of the same kind, said he was very sorry he could not accommodate him with a bed, as he had but one, and that was occupied by his family; then wishing him a pleasant night, he went to enjoy a calm and peaceful repose. A refreshing sleep, occasioned by fatigue, spread its opiate wings o'er the senses of our traveller, who did not awake till the morning was announced by the crowing of a cock outside the cottage door; he then arose, and seeing his host was dressed, asked him, if he could give any thing for breakfast; this question was answered in the affirmative; and a large cake of oaten bread,

and a handful of onions, were set before him, part of which he ate as heartily as his grief would allow; then, leaving a few pieces of silver on the table, departed.

He went on so well, that the next evening he could plainly see the azure expanse of the ocean. His heart sank deep within him at quitting his Julia, but, as her happiness depended on his safety, he felt a cool ray of pleasure in the sacrifice he needs must make. The small seaport of —— now reared its steeple and black chimneys above a few plantations that skirted it. In a short time he entered, and immediately went to the harbour, where he understood a ship

would sail on the following day for Ireland. He then hired a room in a tolerable inn, where he passed the night, and early next morning leaped into a gaudy-painted bark, and bade a long adieu to Scotland.

The day was remarkably serene, and the azure waves gently rolled before the sighing zephyr; but towards evening, the breeze blew strong, and the vessel cut her rapid path through the gurgling water. Rolando, with a tearful cheek, reclined against the mast, and still kept his eyes on the grey Scottish hills, and still was Julia the object of his fondest thoughts. He was awakened from his reverie by the following verses,

that were sung by a clear and pathetic, though loud voice :—

I.

Ah ! Scotia dear ! farewell unto thee,
I fear I never more shall view thee ;
I leave for Erin's lowland plains,
Thy mossy hills so green and airy.
Oh ! thou art a bonny, bonny land,
And winding Dee it floweth through thee,
Whose emerald braes are gilt with rays
Of crystal waves that flow to shield thee.

II.

Nae mair shall Sandy see thee, Mary,
Nor toast thy name at Inverary ;

When friends were near, and you made dear
The merry dance when I did join thee;
But whilst I think on all thy charms,
My heart it tells me not to leave thee,
And absent hold thee in those arms,
When I, dear maid! am far, far, from thee.

He thought he knew the voice, and going into the cabin from whence it proceeded, he there, to his utmost surprise, saw his servant Sandy.

The joy the poor lad expressed at meeting his master, where he least expected him, is better conceived by a feeling heart than expressed with a bad pen. When his first

ecstasies were abated, he told him that he thought he was killed on that fatal night, at Achintie; and that he fled to the horses, where he found Wolf lying down with their bridles in his mouth. That with much difficulty he got him to travel to Loch-Clonny, for every instant he would stop and open the most heart-piercing howl; however, with coaxing and stratagem, he got him to it, and immediately brought away from it what light moveables he thought his beloved master valued most, together with the affectionate animal.—"So, my lord, you may see him."—Rolando and Sandy now went down a narrow flight of winding steps, which led to the hold of the vessel, and there

saw the tawny grey-streaked Wolf lying on some sail-cloth, who, the instant he beheld Rolando, snapped the cord that fastened him in vain to the mast, and by his fawning, spoke more real gratitude, than often is to be met with in rational beings. Rolando patted the head of the faithful dog, that licked his benevolent hand, fell at his feet, and cried with real joy,

"For they are noble creatures, and ne'er betray their masters, nor fawn on those they love not."

The vessel now touched at one of the isles west of Scotland, took in some provision, and again set sail. It was usual for Rolando

to walk the deck every fine evening; and on one in particular, as the full moon was rising from an apparently boundless tract of water, the yellow path her rays formed across the wavy ocean, reminded Rolando of Loch-Clonny, where he and Julia used so often to walk by the silent moonlight; where her beauteous form, reflected in the lake, seemed like a spirit that moved upon its surface; and her floating drapery, borne on the night breeze, seemed on the deep bosom of the water, as a cloud that bore her; and if by chance she sang a favourite Scots air, her voice was like the last reverberation of the dying echo from the softest pipe in her native mountains. Rolando dropped a tear

he could no longer suppress, as he compared those happy absent hours with the miserable present.

A long black cloud that seemed to float on the distant waves, banished for the moment his distressing ideas; and scarcely did he perceive it, till the watchful sailors gave a loud cheer:—it was the Giants' Causeway. They kept westward of it, and soon entered the Bay of Portrush, and the long-boat brought Rolando and his party, with other passengers, on shore.

Sandy felt great pride in having secured from the avaricious grasp of the plundering

soldiery, so much of Rolando's property. He brought from Loch-Clonny the most of his master's plate, jewels, and money, together with a small escrutoire, that contained Julia's picture.

These were safely brought on shore, and horses hired to convey them to the Abbey La Rose. This abbey, or rather castle, was given by the Count Murone, (father to Rolando) together with the estate, and likewise that of Loch-Clonny, as an inheritance to him, while the Count remained in Spain. It was Rolando's native spot, and in it he was reared and educated by John Mac Bride, a Roman Catholic priest, a holy

father, who was Rolando's nurse, preceptor, and friend; and as our hero had never seen those who claimed the endearing name of parents, he justly considered the priest as his father and only protector. His intention had been to convey Julia to this abbey, which was situated on Loch-Foyle, in a thick wood; but his fate ordered otherwise.

The morning was just peeping through a few scattered grey clouds that curtained the horizon, as our travellers knocked at the gate of La Rose Abbey. After waiting some time, as the gate was not opened, and no one appeared, they knocked again, and

awakened a young man named Brady, who lived in a small lodge adjoining. He at length came out, and was accosted by Rolando:

"Is Father Mac Bride well?"

"En trath, and that he is, and by my shoul, as hearty as ever; but ef I am not wrong may be, agra, you'd set me right. Arra, may be you coome from my young meashter Rolando."

"I am the person you name."

"Oh! by my shoul you're not: Pat

Brady won't be put upon in that way: now ef you tould me you was his sarvant itself, a body might be after axing how do you do: did you think to pass this ould guy on me? ah! ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, Sir," said Sandy, "give way, and let his lordship pass."

"Oh, big blood and ounds! is that the way the fox runs? I was thinking, your honor, that no sarvant had such fine eyes, your honor, nor such a look; but if you plase, your honor would not waken his auld reverence at this time of the day; but I will run to the kitchen window, and

breeze up auld Gælic Flin, our family physician, who will open the abbey gate, and let your honor in." Rolando smiled to hear this gabbling son of Erin so profuse of his honors, and told him to do so.

Away he flew, as naked as when he was born, and in a short time the abbey was opened by Gælic Flin, an old blind fiddler, *musician* instead of *physician* to the noble castle of La Rose. Rolando had never seen this Brady before, and called him to enquire what became of old Simon, the porter, whom he succeeded. Brady had put his pipe in his mouth, and was drawing it with all his might, when our hero asked

him the question; and therefore he did not answer it till he was sure he had the contents well lighted, (which he was convinced of by the third or fourth puff,) then spitting and shrugging up his shoulders, he said, "that poor Simon was departed, God rest his shoul, and amen!" (taking another puff); "that he was at the sowing of the poor shoul himself, and a merry wake, and plenty of every thing had honest Simon; and, musha, thanks to the priest for all." So saying, he pulled forward his head by the closely cut hair, that like a fringe went round his forehead, kicked up his heels, and ran off to his lodge.

They now entered the venerable hall of the abbey, which was hung with banners, arms, armour, and warlike instruments, both offensive and defensive: they found every thing as they left it, save that the painted hangings were a little decorated by dust and cobwebs. Rolando ordered a fire to be made in the room which he usually occupied, which was beautifully situated, and from its bay windows could plainly be discerned the mist-like Scottish hills. He commanded likewise that on no account father Mac Bride should be awakened till his usual hour; and beckoning to Sandy to follow him, he got over the wall into the garden, as the priest had the key.

This was a most delightful shelving piece of ground, that stretched its enamelled beds as far as Loch-Foyle, that was hindered from making its wintry innovations by a steep green bank, studded with every wild flower. On one side of this garden was the cemetery belonging to the chapel of the abbey, deeply embowered with ancient yew, whose dark, mournful boughs seemed to weep for those that slept beneath their shade: in this appropriate gloom was hid a small white marble urn, with the following inscription:

HERE LIES

AMINA,

ONCE AS FAIR

AS THE DROOPING HAIR-BELL;

AND, LIKE THAT

FLOWER,

SHE RAISED HER MODEST HEAD

TO DIE,

BENEATH THE PRESSURE OF A SAVAGE

FOOT,

THAT REGARDED NOT

HER MERITS.

Rolando, the last time he was in this sacred spot, had planted with his own hand a few laurels and cypresses, which he wove as an arbour over the urn, and which had now grown so large that they entirely covered it.

He knew not who this Amina was, nor could any person about the abbey inform him; and yet he never passed the sacred sombre shade which overshadowed her urn, but he felt as if some dear though unfortunate relative was there entombed. The mournful strain of the epitaph accorded so intimately with his present feelings, that he now determined to pass the greater part of

his time, whilst he remained in Ireland, in the retirement of the garden; for he considered Julia as dead to him, and his romantic soul imagined the marble before him to be her tomb. The garden was in tolerable order, and the infant fruit hung in thick clusters on the verdant trees; the flowers were in full bloom, and benevolent nature seemed prodigal of her peerless favors to this delightful spot. Rolando walked several times round it, admiring the growth of every thing at so early a season, when he heard the key rattle in the garden lock, and his guardian enter. In an instant Rolando was in his arms, whilst tears of exquisite pleasure fell, like summer's dew,

from the blue eyes of this virtuous man. He clasped Rolando to his bosom, which contained a heart that might with truth be called the throne of virtue; looked with delight on his noble ingenuous countenance, made now more interesting than ever through fatigue and anxiety; then raised his moist eyes to heaven, in noble gratitude to the God, who had again blessed him with Rolando's presence; drew his arm through his son's; patted Wolf on the head, and led the way to a small apartment, the only one in the abbey, except the chapel, which he ever entered.

Here a comfortable breakfast was spread

on an ebony table, that shone like black marble, and the hospitable priest made Rolando do it justice. He was not one of those canting hypocrites that never smile; no! Father Mac Bride, at the head of a table, was all the polished courtier, (divested of flattery) and standing at the altar, was a perfect man. He instilled into Rolando's youthful heart, principles, which, if followed, would no doubt realise to him possessions that the theft or malice of mortals could not deprive him of; and indeed our youthful hero did not disgrace his venerable preceptor. When Rolando had made the heartiest meal he remembered to have done for a length of time, which was rendered

more palatable by many an hearty jest and welcome of the good priest, he rang the bell, and instantly the room was filled with the ancient domestics of La Rose Abbey, who were as lavish of their questions, as of their unbounded joy at meeting their young lord; in testimony of which, they that night made a large fire on the Beacon Tower, and passed the most part of it in joyful revelry.

The following day Rolando gave orders to some laborers to take up a quantity of moss-grown stones, that raised their green heads above the margin of Loch Foyle, and of those materials to make an artificial cave, fronting the urn of Amina. It was

built so rudely natural, that all who saw it, supposed the workman had hollowed it from the solid rock. The entrance was a Gothic porch, which led to two doors opening into the walls, that, as soon as the person entered, and let them from his hand, were returned by springs into their former place; the ceiling of the grotto was covered with a species of rock crystal, which is found in hexagonal prisms in the neighbouring mountains; the floor was paved with horses' teeth, collected by the children of his tenantry, and with pebbles of various dye, found in the lake; opposite the door was a window of stained glass, that reached to the floor, and opened as an entrance to

a boat-house, built of the same materials as the cave, at one side of which was a cross, rudely formed of the unbarked branches of fir, and at the other a small bookcase that contained about an hundred volumes chosen from the best authors. It altogether was admirably adapted to cure a broken heart, and dim all other thoughts, save those that wing the soul to heaven.

As Rolando was one warm evening reading in this sequestered spot, father Mac Bride entered, took up a book, and, as he was wont to do, seated himself beside him.

Rolando enquired if the woman he had been visiting was better:—"I am pretty sure," answered he, "poor Susan's griefs are at an end by this; for she was almost gone before I quitted her: poor woman! but she lived well, and will leave behind her a family, that, thank God, shall never disgrace her memory." "I have heard," said Rolando, "that she was the best of mothers, and hope her children have never caused her to repent her kindness. O father! what an incomparable blessing is a mother's kindness! and alas! I have never experienced it." Here his feelings, already too melancholy,

were wrought up almost to agony, and after a short though mournful silence, he burst into tears: these gushing drops were only restrained by the most mournful sound that ever met the ear; it seemed just in the porch. Rolando arose, opened the door, and saw a female, much below the middle size of woman, about twenty yards from him, who seemed in unspeakable grief, and sobbed as if her heart would break between each cry, which was sweet, loud, but mournful to the last degree. She was dressed in a long white flowing robe, that covered her head like a cowl, under which she wore a scarlet petticoat. "Who can that be?" said Rolando; "her grief is

enough to make me partake of it." "Ah!" sighed Mac Bride, as he finished a short prayer, "I am afraid my patient is at rest. That which you saw is a little harmless spirit, which follows particular families, and is the only one of the airy tribe which I believe in; we Irish call it the Benshi; and Ossian has mentioned her often, but by no particular title. Her melancholy, soul-piercing cry is generally the foreboder of death; I have often heard it and seen it, but it was always weeping in the most piteous strain." "I thought," said Rolando, "it was something more than human, for though it moved quickly away, it did not seem to walk."

At this instant a loud crash threatened to shake the cave to atoms. The priest fell on his knees—a vapour of a white hue filled the cell.—"Jesus save us!" cried Rolando; as a figure gradually appeared before him, on whose countenance was stamped the paleness of death; her eyes were glassed and fixed on those of our hero; she seemed to wave as if composed of a thick smoke; and from a yawning wound in the centre of her breast ran a deluge of blood, that, on touching the floor of the cell, vanished.

She beckoned to Rolando, who stood the statue of horror, and repeated this action

thrice before he left his place; when he did so, she smiled, as if to encourage him; and still, as he proceeded, she retreated before him. He followed her out of the porch to the urn, where stopping, she pointed to the word "Amina," and with a sigh vanished. A deadly faintness spread over his agitated limbs, and seemed ready to overwhelm him; he sank on the ground; but Mac Bride, who had followed him, perceiving his situation, raised him off the moon-silvered grass, and having with difficulty reared him on his feet, and held him even yet sinking, they both in a short time departed in silence from the grotto.

They had proceeded but a few yards when Rolando, with a look that betrayed his inward agitation, turned towards Mac Bride and wildly called on him; "Oh! my more than parent, how dreadful is this ignorance, how terrible this uncertainty. Can you, oh! can you relieve me from it?—Can you tell me who was my mother? May I know where her ashes repose, to pay my mournful tribute at her tomb? Or must I for ever remain ignorant even of the name of her to whom I owe my existence." Mac Bride trembled;—the paleness of fear blanched his venerable cheek.—"Would to heaven that I could or dare re-

veal those mysteries:" was his only reply, and they hastened onward to the abbey. The owls were now quitting the rough turrets of the mouldering abbey's steeple, and shrieking on their white wings along the verdant hedge-rows, as Rolando, supported by the venerable priest, crossed the dew-speckled lawn. He wished instantly to retire to his own apartment, but his guardian would not permit him during the present distracted state of his ideas; they therefore went into the priest's room, and ordered lights, which were immediately brought in by old Peter, an attendant on Mac Bride. When they were left to them-

selves, the priest took Rolando by the hand, which he gently pressed; and, endeavouring to turn his thoughts from the contemplation of his eventful and mysterious fate, asked him some uninteresting question relative to Scotland. But Rolando was too deeply intent on the solution of his former question to attend to Mac Bride's enquiry; and, with a tone and gesture that showed the complete abstraction of his soul, again asked Mac Bride whether he could give him any information with respect to his mother. "Oh! as you love me, tell me what you know of her history? I know that my father resides in Spain, but am ignorant of the causes of his estrangement from me; let me know

them too, or my thoughts will grow too agonized for human sufferance."—The Bride sighed.—"It lies not in my power," said he, "to satisfy your wishes: for, my son, I was sworn to tell no mortal, not even yourself."—Here he paused.——

"Then you know every thing."

"Every thing," said the priest; "but urge me no further, I intreat you. If I were not bound to secresy, you must be aware how anxiously would I make you acquainted with the secrets of your family; secrets, which I fear will now be carried with me to the tomb."—"Then," interrupted Rolando, "is my father too ignorant

of them? and will not he some time let me know them?" "Your father," said Mac Bride, "oh!—true—I forgot him." Then certainly *he* knows them. But, father, you seem moved; do not, for Heaven's sake, do not make me entirely miserable; and I swear, by our mutual friendship, never from this solemn hour, to mention the affair again."

Mac Bride's countenance cheered, and again was the sweet smile seen playing around his lips. They remained talking of different uninteresting matters, till near midnight, and Rolando was just going to retire, when the trampling of a horse was

heard at the outer gate, and a well-known voice enquired, "Whether that was the abbey La Rose; and did Lord Rolando at present inhabit it?"

In a few seconds after, Mara entered the apartment, and, after kissing his master's hand, gave him a packet, which he opened and read:

"Dearest Rolando,

"Our unfortunate meeting at Achinte has deprived me of a father, and, by his death, I am left in the power of the basest of men (the Baron Sereland). My father

sealed your acquittal of his murder before he died. Your way is free; so haste. Fly on falcon's wings to Scotland, or you have lost your JULIA."

He enquired of Mara where Julia was, who told him she was in Sereland castle.

"Then at break of day I will be on my journey," said he; and having ordered Mara to sit beside him, he related to Mac Bride his most melancholy story, (including an account of the affair at the fort of Achintie,) and, having concluded it, he required Mara to inform him what had befallen him after that unfortunate night.

Mara told him, he had not been long at the governor's portal, till he heard the alarm-bell ring. It had scarcely given three tolls ere the door was opened, and a falchion levelled at his head; he leaped aside as he saw the blade wave in the moon-beams, and having avoided the blow, returned it with better success, but knew not at the time on whom it had fallen. Unfortunately it was on the governor himself, as he afterwards understood. He then cut his way through the astonished guards, and escaped to the wall, where, seeing his master surrounded, he ran to his assistance; but before he could reach the spot, he heard the soldiers cry "victory," and saw them

dragging the body of his lord, lifeless as he supposed, to the guard-room. The wall which he had left he found now guarded by a single sentinel, but knowing this was his time to attack him before the rest of the guard came to his assistance, he boldly walked before him and desired to pass. The guard held his halbert to his breast, but Mara with a sudden spring seized it, dragged it from his grasp, stunned him with a blow, and leaped over him upon the battlements of the wall. He then dropped off them on a mossy rock, and got safely to the place where the horses were left; but found Wolf and one of them gone.

He with difficulty caught his master's and his own horse, and with them then flew off to Loch Clonny. Next morning he changed his clothes and went to the fort, where he learned that his master was well, and had escaped; here he likewise first heard of Lord Ribblestone's death, but that he had acquitted his lord of the murder.

He then followed Lady Julia to Sereland castle, whither her guardian had conveyed her; there he remained concealed for a length of time, until at last he received from her maid a letter, with orders to look

for his lord in Ireland, and to tell him that unless he should make great haste, that old villain Sereland would force Lady Julia to marry him.

Rolando made no reply to this last remark, but coolly shook his head, bade an affectionate farewell to his venerable guardian, took up a lamp, and retired.

The following morning Rolando weighed anchor for the Scottish shore. It blew a strong gale, and the vessel flew o'er the briny waves; but night coming on, the gale arose to a storm, and the white sails were bent to kiss the waves that soon would

overwhelm them. The thunder almost deafened all on board, and the purple lightning hissed in angled flakes around their bare heads. All gave themselves up as lost, for a dreadful crash told the unfortunate crew the mast was gone.

Now the vessel was driven at the mercy of the waves, as the rudder was likewise carried off by the ravaging billows.

Sandy fell at the feet of his master, saying, that even in death he would accompany him, and Wolf's eyes flashed green fire. The vessel now struck on some rocks about a mile from the Scottish shore; the

frothy waves seemed as if impatient of this opportunity to show their ferocity, for they now all united their forces, as soon they reduced the poor floating bark to staves.

Some time before the vessel struck, Rolando took Sandy by the arm, whistled for Wolf, and all three leaped into the foaming billows, and swam till they could plainly discern the Scottish hills through the pelting rain; but Sandy exhausted with fatigue, and sinking when almost within reach of certain safety, cried "Help, Wolf, help, my noble dog, or I die." The generous animal, understanding him, held the unfortunate Sandy by the clothes over water till a wave drove

them on shore. The whole crew perished, except our party, and a young man who came swimming to the bank upon which Rolando stood, and whom a returning wave was again carrying out, when our hero plunged amidst the green billows and rescued him from the watery abyss. Our party, as the morning arose, with tears of heartfelt gratitude returned thanks for their miraculous escape, and, having thus acknowledged the kindness of their great preserver examined the coast, which consisted of inaccessible cliffs covered with different kinds of marine plants and screaming seafowl.

They walked a few miles along this shore, but could find no inhabitant; and having through a ravine in the cliffs got into the country, proceeded onward as fast as it was possible for them to travel. The day was pretty far advanced as Wolf met a wild goat, which he ran down and killed; to them a most fortunate supply, as they were nearly famished. Sandy struck a light with his knife and a flint, which soon inflamed a quantity of dry weeds and sticks gathered from the woods our party was surrounded by. They roasted a part of the goat, and were soon seated around it as comfortably as if nothing had happened.

Rolando thought he saw something more than common in his new acquaintance; there was a strong cast of nobility in his countenance, now worn to a skeleton, and a tear was often wiped away from his faded cheek. To Rolando's enquiries, whether he had lost any friend in the tempest, he replied in the negative; yet still every endeavour to raise his spirits was completely fruitless. At length they arose from their repast, and continued their journey. Sandy and Wolf ran on before to chase rabbits, which were here in great abundance, and the youth, whose sorrows seemed struggling for utterance, took the opportunity of addressing his meditating companion.

"Stranger, from you, who have been the preserver of my life, I should conceal no part of the immeasurable obligation you have laid on me. You have saved a life dear to me, not on my own account alone, as more than I will hereafter daily pray for you, and bless you for your courageous generosity; and, if it may help to beguile the tediousness of your walk, it will be a gratification to me to tell you all my sorrows. My name is Edward M'Donnell; my father was descended from a family as ancient as any in Scotland, and lived in the castle of ———, nor did ever man of a prouder spirit possess its venerable walls; but, alas! his cir-

cumstances could not support his unlimited prodigality. The first part of his life was passed in pomp and luxury, among the most profligate lords of Scotland; but at length the people who supported my father's unauthorised appearance, brought in their bills, not doubting but that instantly they would be discharged; however, it was out of his power then to satisfy their demands; so, like a party of Harpies, they settled on our estate, and in a few days reduced us from affluence to the most wretched poverty. What pittance our friends allowed my mother enabled us to take a small cottage, to which my father, mother, sister Antonia,

and myself, removed, with sensations of the deepest woe. We had not been many days the mournful occupiers of this little spot, until one of my father's high friends called and offered him a superb situation under the English government; but his patriotic pride arose, and with a fierce rebuke he disdained the office. He was never, never seen to smile after; and a settled melancholy diffused its shrouding wings over his once bright animated countenance; the rest of his unhappy family sympathised in his grief, and we might in truth be called the servants of despair. My mother I saw daily pining; and she was almost worn to a skeleton, when

a dismal catastrophe deprived me of those dear pledges of affection.

"We remarked my father's sadness would sometimes be changed suddenly to rage; he would strike me without a cause, and rise from table and stride across the room like a maniac. One night we were all assembled as usual in a little apartment, around a small fire, when my father arose and handed me a bible, (a circumstance I never before remembered) and in a frightful voice ordered me to open and read; I did so, and in a short time concluded a chapter in the New Testament. We remained silent for some time after, till a

small clock in the room told the hour.—It was midnight.—My father started up, kissed us all, and told us he had a long journey to go that instant; then, (not answering my poor mother's question—"*Whither?*") he turned to the door, and, God forgive him! fell with a dagger in his throat. This cruel event, as it was entirely unexpected, fell with greater weight; my mother uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the floor; my blood ran cold; a trembling seized my whole frame, and I would have sunk to the ground, had not my unexampled situation inspired me with energy sufficient to subdue my feelings;—

My father lay dead before me; my mother senseless; and my sister sat stupidly gazing on this heart-rending scene. I instantly conveyed Antonia from the apartment to an adjoining closet, where I left her under care of a young woman, named Nancy, the only domestic my mother had retained of her numerous establishment. When I staggered again to the room that contained this horrid spectacle, I saw my poor mother lying on her dead husband's body in convulsions: I raised her from the gore, and she recovered sooner than I could expect; opened her eyes, and rolled them wildly round the room, until they rested on the

dismal bloody corse; then springing from my strongest grasp, fell again on the body, and died kissing its cold lips.

"My unfortunate sister took a delirious fever, and only for Nancy's and my constant attendance, must inevitably have likewise perished; however, she recovered, and was scarcely able to leave her bed, when, from fatigue, watching, and a broken heart, I was seized with a lingering illness, from which I recovered so slowly, that Antonia feared I should never be myself again; and but for her kindness, I should have followed my unhappy parents to an untimely grave.

"After a lapse of time, a relation promised me a situation in Ireland, that would enable me to support Antonia and myself; but when I went there it was disposed of. So I am now returning to an expecting sister, not having on earth the means of existence; and were it not for your courageous assistance, the angry ocean must have taken away her sole and only consolation—that of seeing me again."

"She shall see you again," said Rolando, "and in health and riches. They call me Lord Rolando Murone, and my castle stands on the margin of Loch-Clonny; while it does, and Rolando is its master, neither you

nor Antonia shall want. Come, give me your hand; wipe away that tear. I have my misfortunes too, Edward, and from them have learned to pity and relieve the wants of others."

The big drop of gratitude and joy fell on the benevolent hand of our hero, from the full blue eye of Edward, as Sandy came up, telling them that he saw a small cabin on the brow of some craigs, that raised their rugged heathy summits as a secure retreat for the rock fox and grouse, and that he was certain it was inhabited, as he saw some poultry at the door.

The setting sun now dropped amid the deep wood, and darkened their path with the shadow of the rock they were going to climb. The hut peeped out of a rough thicket of holly, scarlet with berries; and the curling smoke arose from its chimney without a breeze to impede its upright progress; dark clusters of starlings alighted on the trees around them, and the fox and martin were heard purring from their low retreats.

They came to the foot of the rock, and, not looking for a path, ascended by the help of the yellow-barked hazels that grew in its interstices. They knocked at the door,

which was opened by an elderly woman, who started the instant her eyes rested on Rolando's. He asked her if she would allow them to sleep in her habitation that night; she consented, and they entered, but saw no creature in it except two cats and a hedgehog, who sat comfortably at a warm fire. A neatness prevailed through this little cottage that surprised our travellers; and its owner seemed to have been mistress of a more noble mansion. She drew over straw bosses instead of chairs, and set before them some roasted mutton; and having apologised, in a handsome manner, that she could not give them any thing to drink but a little brandy, laid an

old flask of it upon the table. In despite of all Rolando's intreaties, Sandy would not be seated, or eat a morsel, until his master had been served; and Edward, too, made a blushing apology for sitting at the same table with his lord. This hurt the humble feelings of Rolando exceedingly; but the good woman hindered him from replying, by presenting him with a cup of brandy, burned, and sweetened with honey, which entirely drove away any ill effect the salt water could have on him; and, as it grew dark, she went into another apartment and brought out a large candle, which illuminated this neat little hermitage. They then drew round the fire, and gave their hospitable

hostess an account of the shipwreck; but, before they began, she removed her cats into the little room, (as Wolf was eyeing them rather too intently) and left the hedgehog outside the door.

"As I was walking one fine evening in the wood," said she, "an eagle stooped at something just at my foot, but did not carry it off, being affrighted at my appearance; I went to the spot, and in it found the little thorn-coated animal, who has remained here ever since a peaceful, inoffensive little creature."

"And it has found you a benevolent

mistress, or I am much mistaken," said Rolando. "Oh! as for that," said she, "I hope it has no cause to repent the change in its circumstances." She then sat down, and patted Wolf, saying, he was a huge animal, and wished she had such a safe-guard. Then, looking at his broad collar of silver, started as she read the word "Rolando," and under it this sentence engraved in large letters;

"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT."

Her eyes were involuntarily raised to those of our hero; she gave a deep sigh, and the dog stretched himself at her feet.

About an hour passed away in silence, only broken by the united snoring of Edward and Sandy, in their separate straw bosses; the mistress of the mansion then went to a cup-board, and from it took a flask, out of which she poured a cup of the richest burgundy Rolando ever before tasted. He was surprised, and considered it witchcraft; but, when he had drank it, his astonishment was raised much higher by the conversation which ensued.

"Are you not," said she, "the son of Count Murone, now in Spain? and were you not educated by one John Mac Bride, an Irish Priest?" Rolando arose with surprise,

and was going to reply—but she interrupted him, "You have a large mole on your right arm," said she, "and a scarlet circle upon your left breast." Rolando again seated himself, and shewed the marks to his hostess. "Come," said she, "finish your wine; follow me, and draw your claymore if you suspect any treason; then take this bar and do exactly as I command. He did as she requested; but, to show that he did not entertain the least suspicion, he unbuckled his broad blade from his side, and threw it on the floor. She led the way into her little apartment; pointed to a flag in the centre of the floor, and desired him to raise it; which, with the bar and a little

strength, he accomplished; but what was his surprise at finding himself just over a gaping gulf of pitchy darkness.

She carried the candle, and went down a narrow flight of steps, cut in the rock, and excessively dangerous to those descending. When they got to the bottom, she unlocked an iron gate that entirely shut up the passage. They then entered a wide aisle, the sides of which were ornamented with lions' heads pretty well carved. "Push the right eye of that lion," said she; he did so, and to his astonishment, the flag it was raised on sunk in the ground. She then desired him to enter the vault; which he did, followed

by her, and reckoned fifty red earthen jars, off from which she took the leather covering, and discovered them full of large gold pieces, that seemed to be newly stamped, with an elephant on one side, and a Danish motto upon the other; they then lowered them again, went out, and Rolando, by his guide's direction, touched the left eye of the lion's head, (which remained over ground,) when the flag quickly arose into its former place.

They went to two other cells which they entered by the same means, in one of which they saw an immense quantity of silver and gold, the then current coin in Scotland,

thrown in a promiscuous heap; and in the other ducal coronets, gold and silver-crested English helmets, fowling pieces set with precious stones, a quantity of diamonds, and pearl necklaces. Pikes, claymores, targets, richly embossed saddles, gold and silver stirrups, bits and spurs, hunting spears, nets, now rotten, but that once served for entangling the bounding roe-buck, and a quantity of rich taffetas, velvets, and silks. The surprise of Rolando was inexpressible; his guide was silent, and he followed her example. She now led him to an iron grate, which he raised; and they went down about twenty steps into a cold damp vault, not at all like the one they had just reviewed; but,

as they entered, the light was extinguished by some foul air that rushed through this deep abyss, and they remained in perfect darkness.

"You may wait here," said she, "till I light this; I will not be long; and I know you cannot be a coward, being the son of Roderick Mac Devon, my brave, though unfortunate brother." She walked slowly away.

"The son of a noted robber!" said he, in surprise, "can it be possible?"

"Tis certain," said a voice just beside

him, and it was echoed again and again through the dark dungeon. Rolando crossed himself, and remained in deep prayer, until his name was called by his amiable hostess, who had returned with the candle lighted, and showed him three graves; one of which was distinguished by a black marble stone, and over it once was spread a satin canopy of scarlet, which now lay rotting on the damp distilling clay, and had fallen to the ground, borne down with the weight of its golden clasps. "Now," said Anna, (which was the woman's name,) "let us get up to the fire. You have seen this wonderful cavern, but its history

you have yet to learn." "It is wonderful indeed," replied Rolando; "either my imagination deceived me, or after you left me a low voice,"—"*'Tis certain*," said Anna, smilingly interrupting him; and she told him she had innocently caused his alarm by repeating those words; "and *it is* possible," continued she; you *are* the son of my brother, Roderick Mac Devon. They then walked up the steps, soon passed through the lion-headed aisle; and were, in a short time, seated in Anna's little warm apartment. Sandy, Edward, and Wolf, were soundly asleep; and, after Anna had put some turf and faggots upon the fire, she thus begun her promised history.

"Roderick Mac Devon was son to Bryan Mac Devon of Devon Castle, which was situated in a deep, woody glen, amid the Grampian mountains. This Bryan (your grandfather) was a man sprung from an honorable family, and was possessed of great power in Inverness.

"He was married to Anna Mac Leod, daughter of a rich nobleman who lived but a few miles from the castle.

"It is unnecessary to let you know the particulars of your grandfather's life; therefore I will only remark that, one year after he was married, I was born; and in five

years afterwards, your father, Roderick. We were brought up in all the magnificence of Scottish nobility, and, (singular as it may appear to you) nothing was spared on our education.

" Roderick surpassed even the fond wishes of his loving parents, for he was a prodigy of learning before he gained his fifteenth year; he was so fond of study, that my father was advised to hinder him as much as possible from applying so closely; and he was in consequence now allowed to partake of all the rural sports, and was the admiration of all the country for his courage and excellent horsemanship: he was the

first to lead the deep-mouthed buck-hounds among the greatest dangers. His favourite paths led over precipices, rivers, rocks, and thickets, (which compose the scenery around Devon Castle,) and it was his greatest pride to halloo and cheer the pye-balled dogs amidst such natural terrors.

"These pursuits introduced him to the acquaintance of some dissipated young men, who led him into every mischief; and, when he grew older, he was a great admirer of all the neighbouring farmers' handsome daughters. He was continually teazing his parents for money, and sums after sums were spent by him, we knew not how.

Every one was astonished at the wonderful change in him, and some were even led to suspect that deep study had affected his brain.

" One day the son of a neighbouring farmer called at the castle, and made a complaint against him to my father, (who was a very good-natured man,) saying that Roderick led his whole kennel of hounds through a field of ripe standing corn, and damaged it so that it could never be cut; my father paid the trespass, and when Roderick returned, chid him pretty severely. This was very unusual, and necessarily it had a greater effect upon his feelings. He

returned no answer to my father's remonstrances, but sullenly walked to his chamber, and next morning at day-break departed from the castle, bringing two small swords, and came to the spot where the young farmer was at work, presented him one of the weapons, and desired him to use it or die. The young man, who was much older than my brother, was very much surprised; but, knowing his irascible temper, defended himself from the desperate attack of Roderick, who in the scuffle was slightly wounded on the knee. This only raised his passion to an higher pitch; so the peasant, finding his death might be the consequence, if he prolonged the battle with

so determined a foe, dropped on his knees to the flushed hero, and begged of him not to deprive him of an existence so dear to his family. Roderick, with a look of contempt, put up his weapon, took that of his adversary, and departed home.

" If I were to relate but the half of his juvenile adventures, it would take more time than at present I have to go through his entire history. I will therefore pass over them, and begin at the death of my father, whose gentle spirit forsook its earthly prison in Roderick's two and twentieth year.

" Knowing my brother's disposition from

a few of the extraordinary wicked adventures which reached his ears, he left my mother and me quite independent of him; but Roderick, by the course of law, succeeded to the estate, which he sold before he was a fortnight its master; and decamped one night, not letting my mother or me know what he had done.

"A month afterwards, the Lord who purchased it, came to take his lawful possession, to our infinite concern and astonishment, but was not well pleased to find it still in the occupation of Roderick's family. My mother, who was not well since my father's death, felt this wild act of her

hopeful son too deeply; but however she instantly quitted the castle, and repaired to a little cottage about three miles from it, which was situated in the most romantic part of the country, and shaded by a grove of lofty beech and fir, and far away even from a straggling traveller; there was a wild lawn before the door covered with hether, and at each side of the cottage were cultivated fields.

" My mother, long before my father's death, gave it the name of Avondale bower, and when he was in his youth, it was occasionally used as an hunting lodge. We lived here in more real comfort than

formerly at the castle; but it was rather lonesome for two females whose only protection was an old steward.

" One night, at an advanced hour, we heard the trampling of horses over the heath, and soon heard them stop at our door, when a loud knocking told my affrighted mother and me that some one demanded admittance. The door was opened by the old steward Simon, and my brother Roderick walked in.

" My mother and I were soon hanging from his neck, and, had he behaved in the

most dutiful manner, he could not have been more affectionately received.

" He was perfectly armed, and wore a highland war helmet, with a plume of white and scarlet feathers, which formed a fine contrast with his clear, soft, sparkling eyes, and long raven locks that waved in shining ringlets on his white neck; his breast was covered with a bright steel corslet, richly embossed with gold, and a scarlet and white tartan hung from his shoulders; his kittie was of the same; in his girdle he carried four pistols and a dagger; in his hand a rifle gun; and a broad claymore hung from his left side.

" He seemed to have been heated with wine, as he talked somewhat wildly, and let fall a tear at seeing us.

" He told us that what money he got for his estate he divided amongst a party of gentlemen, who were embodied to levy contributions on English luxury and pride; and after their first encounter, which was a brisk one, and in which they lost their leader, they unanimously elected him to supply the vacancy. He then called for some wine, which I gave him, and for which he kissed and thanked me; then, telling my mother not to make herself uneasy about him, drank it and took his leave.

"I followed him to the door, where I saw the finest white horse that ever neighed, held by a follower of my unfortunate brother. His arched neck was covered with a long mane, studded with foam, that sparkled in the bright moon-beam; a rich-embroidered saddle lay on his back; he champed the steel bit, and often attempted to bite the man who held him. 'Let him go, William,' said my brother, who instantly vaulted into the saddle, and was soon out of sight.

"I loved him better than ever sister loved a brother, and would have given the whole earth (had I it in my possession,) for but an

hour's conversation with him. Three months elapsed before we saw him again; but, at the end of that period, on a fine moon-light night we heard the same trampling of horses. My mother and I ran to the window and saw Roderick flying over the opposite heath on his snowy courser. I opened the door and he embraced us most affectionately; but, notwithstanding all our entreaties, he would not enter, and in a few minutes mounted again, put a small bugle to his mouth and blew a shrill call, which was echoed by the dark surrounding mountains. Instantly the lawn was filled with armed men, all upon fine white chargers, when Roderick waved his plumed bonnet as an adieu to us,

and distance soon concealed him from our longing sight.

" He used frequently to pay us those nocturnal visits, but never would join in any rational conversation; and, when my mother would strive to convert him from his vicious habits, he would sound a blast on his bugle, hammer with his dagger the hilt of his sword, or drown her remonstrances with a loud laugh, or some such subterfuge; until at length my mother, weary of chiding him, seemed to take delight in the narration of his desperate exploits.

" Simon, the old steward, who had lived in

the family from the time that my father had obtained possession of the estate, and now had become a friend instead of a servant, came in one day to my mother's apartment with a pale affrighted countenance, and told her that a party of the Stirling Castle garrison had surprised a strong banditti of robbers and cut them off to a man. This unwelcome news fell so heavily and so unexpectedly on my poor mother that we despaired of her existence; she took to her bed almost frantic, and continually calling on her misconducted son; but alas! her hopes were vain; no Roderick appeared; and in a short time she calmly yielded her pure spirit to Him that formed it.

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"I was now left alone in the world, solitary, deserted, without friend or protector; and often wished on my knees to be allowed to follow my parents.

"I was one night lying sleepless on my pillow, when I heard a loud knocking at the cottage door, which was opened by Simon. I immediately sprang out of bed and threw on a night-gown, expecting to see my brother. But what was my astonishment and surprise, to see two men in the front room with their faces blackened, supporting a most beautiful female; she had fainted, and they were busily employed in sprinkling water on her snowy cheek. I asked one of

the robbers (for such they appeared to be) who she was:—'Amina de Chore,' said he, 'mistress of our black-haired chief Mac Devon.' (When Rolando heard the name, 'Amina,' recollecting the marble urn in the garden of La Rose Abbey, he involuntarily started, and repeated the word; but Anna interrupted him, and bidding him restrain his surprise, begged of him to be silent, as morning was just approaching; and thus proceeded:)—As the robber had ended his rough speech, the lady opened her fine blue eyes, but, seeing a black face hanging over her, with a shriek instantly relapsed.

"I then requested them to leave the room,

and, assisted by the good-natured steward, recovered the unfortunate beauty. To her eager enquiry where she was, I replied 'In perfect safety.' 'O Roderick,' said she, weeping, 'return, or you will leave Amina the bride of death.'

"She was soon perfectly recovered, and I made her swallow some wine and water, when Roderick himself entered. He was covered with blood which he strove to conceal; his tartan was torn, and a scratch on his temple was hidden by his chequered bonnet. The lady at his entrance blushed deeply; but, on seeing the blood flow down his flushed cheek, she became deadly pale,

tore her muslin apron, and bound it round his temple.

" Roderick, who took no notice of *me*, gazed at *her* with delight; at length he clasped her in his arms with silent pleasure, and seated himself; seeing me, he stretched out his hand, which I kissed; this last act affected him much, for rising and quitting Amina, he kissed me, and a tear dropped from his dark eye. I desired him not to be so much affected; 'Oh! Anna,' said he, with a groan of agony, 'my mother— I know all; but my profession,' continued he sternly, 'does not admit of a soft heart. Come in, we must make use of your

carriage, Amina;' 'Certainly,' said she. 'Have it brought to the door, Ralph,' said he; the men retired.

'Now, Anna,' continued Roderick, 'prove yourself my sister, and accompany this lady and me to Ireland, where I possess a residence far from the blood dogs of Scotland. Get what clothes you think will answer you and your sister, (as you hereafter must call this lady,) and while you are doing so, I will give some directions to Simon.'

"He looked a moment at my astonished countenance, and quitted the room. I led

Amina to my apartment, where I packed up all my jewels and clothes; we then went down again to the room, where I met my brother, who asked me if I had any brandy or wine in the house: I answered in the affirmative, and ordered Simon to bring in all he had. He soon, assisted by one of Roderick's troop, rolled into the apartment a large wooden vessel of my father's old Burgundy, the head of which was knocked in with the butt of Roderick's rifle, and soon nearly emptied by his desperate troop.

"The carriage now rolled to the door, as Roderick beckoned Simon to him;——

'Simon,' said he, 'we have drained a tankard before now in the turret room of Devon castle—a happier time than the present, but not so merry. Give me your hand, my old friend, and wipe that drop off your eye-lash; we may meet again.' 'God send!' said Simon, as he clenched the armed hand of Roderick, 'and may you love yourself as well as I do.' So saying, he emptied the brimming can, and Roderick pledged him.

"He handed Amina and me into the coach, tied his horse to those harnessed to it; sprang into the driving seat, and the whip was soon heard smacking off

the willing necks of the horses. We were strongly guarded by about a hundred horsemen, one half of whom went before the carriage, and the other after it. We did not stop till morning, which, rising o'er a craggy mountain, gave us a fine view of the cloudy ocean.

"As we got among the defiles of the mountain, Roderick stopped the wearied horses and gave some commands to his troop, who set off the same way they came. He then opened the door of the carriage, took our hands and led us out. 'You must mount those horses,' said he, 'as the carriage cannot pass through the wood.'

My companion turned pale, and said she never was on a horse's back in her life. 'Then,' said Roderick, 'you must even now begin; but you need not fear this jade,' (unharnessing one of the carriage horses,) 'he is in no manner able to play tricks at present.'

"He then buckled with a girth the cushions of the carriage, (one upon the back of each of the wearied animals,) and seated Amina and me on them. His milk-white charger followed him, as he walked between our horses to lead them. We now faced a rugged precipice topped by a smooth blue slaty rock.

" 'Remember that spot,' said he, pointing to the summit of the precipice; 'our fate may yet force us to shelter in it.'

" Amina said it would be rather a cool retreat; Roderick smiled—mused awhile—then changed the conversation.

" We now came in sight of a small bark lying at anchor; Roderick put his bugle to his mouth, and instantly her white sails were unfurled.

" We now came to a small creek, that served as a harbour for the vessel, and soon were seated in the cabin, which was

beautifully decorated with images of all the marine deities. Roderick did not follow us immediately, as we expected, but remained on shore, as we supposed, to give directions to some guards; but in reality it was to ship his white steed. When that was done, he came into the cabin, and we immediately set sail.

" 'This bark I have always in readiness,' said he, 'through fear of the Stirling lurchers; and it is not the first time that Howlet and I have crossed to Isla in her.'

" A comfortable breakfast was now

brought in, and Roderick asked the seaman, if he had fodder for his steed; he said he had not: 'Then I hope you have bread enough to spare some for him.'

"'Certainly, my chief.'

"'Give him some,' said Roderick.

"'That would be more than my life would be worth,' said the sailor.

"Roderick laughed, and took from a locker a plentiful supply of hard biscuits, pounded them, brought them out of the cabin, and smilingly said; 'This wicked

demon will yet be the cause of some innocent person's death.'

"He returned in a short time, and we had a pleasant meal. When it was finished he took my hand: 'You no doubt,' said he, 'are anxious to hear the meaning of last night's adventure, and we now have time to gratify you.

"'This lady, who will soon be so nearly related to you, is only daughter of the Count De Chore, a Spanish nobleman, who in his younger days was somewhat like myself, and fearing that his father would leave him

pennyless if he married contrary to his wishes, determined to quit the country, under pretence of travelling, and came to Scotland with his bride about nineteen years ago.——Amina was the only fruit of this union.

"'About a month ago, I had taken shelter in an old abbey, the ruins of which lay a short distance from the road. The night was stormy, and we had not been long there, when two of the men, who had been stationed as outposts to keep a watch, came galloping towards me, and brought information that a carriage was driving in great speed down the opposite hill.

"'I saw it rushing towards me, and found it to be drawn by four horses.—I leaped Howlet over the hedge that separated the road from our retreat, and soon stopped the fleet horses with these few words directed to their drivers: 'Stand! Mac Devon orders.'

"'A gentleman armed sprang out of the coach, resolute on attacking me, but, seeing my band of bold tartaned desperadoes, he put up his weapon and gave me his purse. One of my companions struck a light, and expecting to find more booty, I approached the carriage, where I found my Amina.

"'She appeared not at all affrighted, but

was on the contrary pleased, and said in a whisper, 'Roderick, as you are a man of honor, suffer the Count to bring me no further.'

"'The Count now came to the carriage door, saying he had not more money, and begging me, for Heaven's sake, to allow him to proceed on his journey. 'Not this night, my friend,' said I; 'the stormy damp night-wind would ill agree with this fair lady's constitution.' He entreated, and even went on his knees, (a posture in which no brave man was seen in, save to his God,) but all in vain; for Amina's entreating

countenance still shone in my eyes; and, having very deliberately turned the horses' heads with my own hand, and ordered the postillions to proceed homeward, I saw them safely lodged within the avenue gate.

"'When it was closed, the Count let down the carriage window, and said in a passionate voice, 'You shall repent this act, Mac Devon.' I made no reply, but galloped off, reflecting on the beauty of Amina, which before this night I had entirely neglected. I should now have faced singly the whole garrison of Stirling, if she was the reward of victory; with such daunt-

less courage did her beauty inspire me. And never after this did I leave the neighbourhood of her father's castle.

" 'At an early hour yesternight I left two of my troop hidden in her father's shrubbery, and walked through the improvements of the demesne; on passing a bower, I saw something white lying on one of the seats in it; but how inexpressible was my joy and surprise on finding it to be Amina. She arose at my entrance, shrieked, and was going to depart, when I held her by the arm—she trembled universally, and, more through terror than desire, remained silent some

time; at length her anger gained utterance: —

"'Insolent stranger, your audacity may cause your death;—you detain the heiress of Parmena castle. Away!—fly,!' said she, with a composure and resolution I was going to obey; but, ere I departed, I ventured to ask her, was this the reward I merited? She started at hearing my voice. 'Heavens!' said she involuntarily, 'can it be Mac Devon?' then sighing, she dropped her head on her bosom, and said, 'Brave Mac Devon, I owe you much.'

"'Nothing,' replied I, cheered by those

last words, 'nothing but your forgiveness for this intrusion; and if you knew how much this wayward heart has suffered on your account since we last met, you would willingly grant it to me. I once was your equal, Amina, and would have still been so, had not misfortune spurred me to follow the dictates of my own impetuous disposition; but it still lies in *your* power to reclaim my nearly-lost character, and to restore to society a devoted outlaw. Oh! Amina, say that you will make me happy, and, by this shining cross, (laying my hand on my dagger's hilt,) I swear that Roderick Mac Devon will henceforward live but to consult your happiness.'

"'Tears fell on my hand as it pressed hers, whilst thus she replied to my ardent entreaties: 'Roderick, when first I saw you in yonder dark beech-grove, I ——— however you passed me carelessly, entirely occupied with the mountain sports; you next appeared before me as a bravo, robbed my father, but saved me. O Mac Devon! his presence I am thus forced to forsake; but can you imagine I would unite myself to you, whilst you profess such a character? No! the hapless Amina, since her earliest youth, has always walked the paths of virtue, nor shall love now turn aside her correct footsteps. Although De Chore has been cruel, his daughter shall never retaliate.

We must part, Mac Devon;—I cannot see you more; yet I candidly acknowledge I should much sooner say—Be never absent.'

"'She, with a deep sigh, was departing, but distractedly I drew her back; 'Amina,' said I, (clenching a pistol in my trembling hand,) 'behold this weapon;—adieu for ever!'

"'Ah! no, no, no!' burst from her lips, as she tore the pistol from my hand, and threw it on the ground. She tottered, and sank into my arms, and would have fainted had not a flood of tears relieved her. 'O Ro-

derick! you have prevailed!' Then, after a long pause, she continued in sobbing accents, 'Come, lead the way, I'll follow you; desperate men should have desperate wives.' I caught her to my mailed bosom, and kissed her burning cheek. A figure at this moment stood full before me——

"'It was the Count de Chore.

"'I shuddered as Amina shrieked, and he gave a loud halloo, and was instantly joined by three armed men:—'Seize!' said he, 'that deluded wretch and outlawed miscreant!' I leaped from the arbor with my Amina still in my arms, and instantly the dæmon

Count rushed on her with his naked blade, which I warded off with my drawn claymore. I then blew a call on my horn for my two faithful followers, who, before the blast was echoed, were at my back with their good broad swords. Still defending Amina and myself from the desperate and united attack of the Count and his retainers, I ordered my men not to strike if they valued their lives; but they, seeing Amina in danger, took her from my neck, and left me to cover their retreat; which I did by laying one of the servants dead, as he attempted to follow; when the others, not seeing their companion rise, fled for assistance. The Count fought more like a

maniac than a man of cool valor; and I need not say it would have been easy to terminate the battle; but he was Amina's father, so therefore I only sought to take his sword; but this I could not attempt without risking my safety. At last I saw a group of servants running to his assistance, when, with a sudden spring, I caught him round the waist, threw him on the ground, and put my foot upon his neck to hinder him from rising. From my girdle I drew a pistol, and, as the troop was with a yell rushing on me, I shot their leader, and, with a blow of the discharged weapon, which, with all my strength I flung from my hand, I laid his follower on his back. The rest, with

the greatest terror, pronounced my name, and with precipitation fled different ways through the garden. I then, with a part of my plaid, bound the Count, not heeding his curses and hideous imprecations, and got soon after safe to my band.

"'Immediately on coming up to them, I sent a party to the court-yard of Parmena castle for its owner's carriage and horses, which I ordered to be left in a wood adjoining Avondale bower; and, having mounted Howlet, flew like the frightened roe-buck, until I alighted at your door.'

"We had a slow yet very agreeable

passage, as the weather was most delightfully serene; and, about the beginning of August, we arrived safe at the abbey of La Rose, which had been purchased by Roderick, together with a small yet well cultivated estate, as a secure retreat in times of danger; and he, on becoming its master, changed its name. In it we found a favorite of your father's, (in his more serious moments,) John Mac Bride; who had returned priested from Rome a few years before this. By him Roderick and Amina were bound in firm wedlock; and during a year we lived in most perfect happiness; at the end of which period, your joyful mother presented you to your longing

father; and soon after you were called Rolando.

"Roderick now left Ireland—(Rolando here again impatiently attempted to interrupt the narrative, and Anna was obliged more than once to request his undivided attention; at length he settled himself, and Anna thus resumed her story:)

"Roderick now left Ireland, and parted from your reluctant mother and me, to tell his troop that he had given up any idea of again joining them, and to take an everlasting farewell of Scotland.

" He remained away nearly ten months, and your affrighted mother and I heard nothing of him during that period. However, at the expiration of it, as Mac Bride was one day giving us an account of his travels, a beggar came to the gate, and demanded, in rather an authoritative tone, admittance; one of the servants told him he was astonished at his impertinence, but the sturdy mendicant rushed by him, and in an instant held Amina clasped to his bosom—It was Roderick.—When he had changed his rags, he told us he was the bearer of most unwelcome tidings, as his whole troop had been cut to pieces three months after his quitting Scotland; and, likewise, his

worthy father-in-law, joined by a few lords, who always had been enemies to his race, had offered a quantity of gold for the head of Mac Devon. We were all thrown into the greatest trepidation at this woeful tale; and as your father was known in the country only by his own domestics and Mac Bride, he thought it prudent to change his name for that of the Count Murone.

" In this state of agonizing suspense we remained for about a month, miserably dreading that every passing stranger was a spy; but, at the end of that period, as Mac Bride was one evening returning from one of his usual charitable visits in the neigh-

bourhood of the abbey, he met a party of Scots soldiers, who stopped him to enquire if he could give them any information with respect to an outlawed chieftain, Roderick Mac Devon, who had retreated from the just indignation of his Scottish countrymen, and, as they believed, taken refuge in an old castle near Loch Foyle. Mac Bride asked them, did they imagine him to be a wizard? and, with an indignant look, proceeded; when out of their sight, he put spurs to his horse, and soon was in the apartment of La Rose abbey, and in the presence of its master.

" Roderick, on hearing this, said that we

had no time to lose, and ordered us to get ready any necessaries which we might want for a month; then, taking you from your poor mother's arms, and tying a heavy purse around your waist, he gave you to Mac Bride, with these words: 'If you never see Mac Devon more, be careful of his boy.' Your mother shrieked, as Roderick frantic bore her from you. Followed by me and an attendant, he went into the chapel, and raised a flag in its centre; then carried your mother, and followed by me, entered a subterraneous cavern that seemed to stretch itself under the castle. He then took a blazing torch from the hand of his faithful follower, desiring him to obey

his directions, and carefully to close the entrance of the passage. The servant obeyed my brother in the latter request, and we walked in silence, only broken by your mother's sobs, for about half a mile, when, at length, we arrived at a spacious apartment, which Roderick quickly illuminated by applying the blaze of his torch to a large lamp that was suspended from the black concave ceiling. In this abyss we found a plentiful supply of dried provisions, and a large vessel of wine, a number of amusing books, and two beds; there was no comfort consistent with our unpleasant situation which Roderick had not prepared for us.

"Your mother, during our stay in this subterranean abode, never raised her head; and was continually weeping and asking for you. At length the unhappy period arrived when we left the gloomy precincts of this prison. Your father had given directions to Mac Bride, that if any soldiers had come to the abbey he should bring him word; but alas! he did not come. So your father, joined by us, went one day to the entrance of the passage, intending to send me out to make some inquiries. With difficulty he raised the stone, and had scarcely done so, when a halbert, held by an English soldier, was presented to his breast,—and he desired to give himself up.

" We all stood grieving with horror.—Roderick leaped from the vault, but, being unarmed, and seeing the chapel crowding with Scotch and English soldiers, submitted; and, with a stern voice, demanded their authority for arresting him. Their leader showed him a warrant signed by Carlos Count De Chore, and others. He desired him to lead forward; and, joined by his fainting wife and frantic sister, Roderick walked from the chapel like a meditating spirit.

" When the brutal leader of the party saw Amina, he remarked that it had been specified in the proclamation, that the fortu-

nate man who took Mac Devon, should have the reversion of his wife. The beautiful Amina gave the insulting savage a look which I have not yet forgotten; and Roderick's teeth chattered, as with his clenched hand he levelled the miscreant to the earth. The party now rushed on him like panthers on their prey, but with a short pike, which he had snapped from their leader, he kept them at bay, until one of them, more desperate than his companions, made a deadly push with his halbert. Your mother had hitherto gazed in stupid horror at the combat, but now, throwing herself before her husband's breast, to shield it

from the intended blow, the blade, and part of the very pike-staff, was buried in her soft white bosom.——Without a sigh she fell."

Rolando was unprepared for this melancholy part of Anna's story. A deep groan escaped him; "O my foreboding heart!" said he; "much injured shade, how deeply did I feel thy miseries! The streaming tide that issued from thy bosom seemed as if 'twould drain the warm life-current of my heart; and, though I knew thee not, I sympathised so warmly in thy woes, that since I first saw thee, I have nearly forgotten my own.

"'Wretched, base miscreants! how could ye violate that seat of purity? How could ye stain that snowy skin with blood?'"

Anna requested him to explain the words which she heard. He accordingly mentioned the circumstance that occurred in the grotto the evening before he left La Rose abbey; and when his feelings were sufficiently composed to allow him to attend to her narration, she thus continued:—

"When Roderick saw Amina fall, and a fountain of blood issuing from her breast, he let fall his weapon, lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, exclaiming, 'Vengeance!'

and without a groan he suffered himself to be cut to the earth by their malignant blades. I fainted, and knew nothing of what happened after this until I recovered in the parlour that leads to the chapel; where I saw my beloved brother and sister lying beside each other upon the bare ground, with poor Mac Bride praying over them, and an armed sentinel pacing the apartment. Roderick showed some symptoms of life, and opened his eyes; but seeing the sentinel, beckoned to Mac Bride and him to leave the room. They did so; and, as soon as the door was closed, I sat upon the reeking floor beside my brother, and taking his head in my lap, bound its yawning wounds with

part of my drapery. In some time after, but with difficulty, he spoke a few words:—

"'O Anna! my life has been a continued scene of vice—Call in Mac Bride.' I did so, and the good priest, pale as my sister's cold corse, came staggering into the room. 'Mac Bride,' said my brother, '*swear!*' Mac Bride took the proffered oath. 'You never will reveal my sad story to *mortal?*' 'Never; by my Maker!' replied Mac Bride. 'Now,' said Roderick, 'I die in peace.'

"The good priest, seeing that my brother evidently wished to speak in private to me,

quitted the room; when Roderick implor-ingly gazed at me:—'Haste to Scotland,' said he, 'to the rock which I pointed to you when we were travelling to Ireland. On its smooth brow you will find three letters, R M D, cut by this hand; just under them a large bunch of heather, concealing a small flag, under which is an iron ring.—Oh! oh! Heaven!—I never complained before, Anna; but see! see my innocent butchered Amina! Oh! De Chore, you are revenged!'

"He now became weaker, kissed my hand, and snatched the dead arm of my beautiful hapless sister; and soon the cold

fit of death distorted his gory features. My piercing cries brought in Mac Bride, immediately after whose entrance, I fainted; and in that state was carried to my apartment.

"When I recovered, Mac Bride told me that the soldiers had departed without further pillage; content with the body of Roderick, for whose head they expected a great reward; and that he would bury Amina's corse next morning in the vault of the chapel.

"A length of time elapsed before I recovered the effects of this terrible scene, so deeply did its recollection prey on my

disordered brain. I need not, however, detain you by giving a minute description of my illness; it is sufficient to remark, that, as soon as I recovered, I caused Loch-Clonny to be purchased as a subsistence for you; I likewise caused a white marble urn to be erected over your unfortunate mother; and instantly sailed for Isla, from which place I crossed over to Campbeltown, only three miles from this spot. I engaged workmen to build this little cottage over the cave, which I soon found; and ever since have been its sole occupier. On entering the cave, I found a packet directed to your mother by her unfortunate husband; which was written by him, I suppose, when he was last

in this country." Anna now arose, and opened one of her boxes; produced the letter, and read as follows:—

"Lovely, dearest Amina,

"However dangerous the misfortune may be that has reduced me to hide you and your infant here, consider yourself and the little unconscious angel in perfect safety. I was born the child of misery; wretch that I was to drag you after me!

"This wonderful cave, with a part of its inclosed treasure, belonged to a Dane named Howburgh. If you will patiently read these sheets, you will learn his history, and how I

became its master. As one night I was on one of my unfortunate excursions, I passed by a lone cabin on the side of a thorn-tufted hill; and did not ride far from it, ere a figure covered in a long black gown, something like a monk's, crossed the dark path. It appeared in great agitation; often started and groaned. I rode up, and accosted it: 'Whatever you are, whether human or supernatural, speak to one who fears you not; tell me your sorrows, you appear so burthened with, and depend on Mac Devon for assistance.' He said in a hollow voice, 'that *man* could be of no assistance to *him*, who was lost to eternity, body and soul; but,' continued he, 'if you will accompany

me into this cabin, I will tell you a short yet dreadful tale, which may warn you to avoid such crimes as have reduced me to this state of wretchedness; and, if you want riches, you shall have sufficient, were you as avaricious as death.'

" Seeing me hesitate, he hastily said, ' If you will, come quickly; for my wayward fate allows me but ten minutes to tell you every thing.' I dismounted, and entered the gloomy hut, which was lighted by a small lamp, whose sepulchral rays showed a silver cup on a stone table, which the stranger drained on our entrance.

"'Chieftain,' said he, as we seated ourselves on a rude bench, 'my name is Howburgh. My father was a banker of eminence, and immense wealth in Copenhagen; whose only children were the unfortunate wretched being you see before you, and a lovely daughter whom, horrible to relate, I loved with passionate and unbridled desire. One fatal night I despoiled my father of some of his hardly-earned riches, the fruit of many a year's anxiety and trouble; and, to crown my guilt, and reduce myself beneath all hopes of pardon in this world or the next, I forcibly carried off my unsuspecting wretched sister. After a long

sail, I landed we knew not where, though I afterwards found it was upon the rocky coast of Inverness. I was accompanied by two servants, whom I sent to look for a secure retreat. They soon returned, and told me that they had found a deep cave on the summit of a precipice, whose entrance was almost totally concealed beneath the surrounding crags; but which, with a little art, could soon be made a comfortable dwelling. I immediately landed my sister, and conducted her gagged to the cave; which, with the assistance of my two fiend-like domestics, I fitted up in a year in the manner in which you will find it.

"'We lived there unknown and unnoticed for twelve months, at the end of which time a helpless infant opened my eyes to my horrible vice. This, however, instead of reclaiming me from the abandoned course I was pursuing, served only to plunge me into deeper guilt; for, urged by desperation, and madly thinking to extinguish the reproaches of conscience by removing the witnesses of my shame, I sent my servants to Campbeltown, and, during their absence, dragged my unresisting sister from her bed, and with an iron bar put an end to her unhappy existence;—her infant shared the fate of its mother.

"'I was now capable of committing any crime, and yet in that which ensued, I can only consider myself the instrument of an offended Deity. I watched for the two villains with a poignard in my hand——.' His faltering voice at length ceased, and he fell on the ground. His short impressive tale had been told with difficulty, as he would scarcely repeat three words without exhibiting some mark of inward agony; and the black convulsive fit, which now quivered through every limb, convinced me it was caused by poison. I imagined this to be the last throb of expiring nature, but with dying energy he took a folded paper from his bosom, and handed

it to me, saying, 'Stranger, this will show you.—' He could proceed no further, for a delirium seized him, and suddenly starting up, he said, 'They lie in their burning boiling blood, oh! oh! oh!'

"I took the paper from his convulsed hand, and found it to be a topographical sketch. 'Oh! do not,' said he, quickly, 'bare their bodies to the bright sun; do not, do not stranger, let the wild wind murmur in the shrubs the fate of my wife, my sister; I burn! my bones are in a furnace! they boil! they crack! If the birds see my wife, or my poor little babe, that smiled and stretched its soft arms towards me as I drew it from

its warm bed, they will whistle it to their soft-hearted, feathered mates; who will hereafter hate the presence of man, and sing their anthems in the desert to the brutes.—Bury them, stranger, bury them deep, deep, deep and low!—But no! they are going to bear witness against me!—Oh! stay—.' He then seemed to gaze at something on the ground, and, in a struggling posture, continued, 'I sink! the smoke smothers me!' Then, writhing in torments, with a loud shriek he sunk expiring, on the floor.

"This horrid scene made me tremble universally, as I mounted my pawing courser; and the next morning I returned

(concealed in a friar's gown) to the hut, where I found Howburgh dead, and his head softened by repeated blows against the hard pavement. I took from his pocket a key, a dagger, and a small paper of poison; then carried him to the back of his house, and buried his frightful corse. The paper, which he had handed to me previous to his dissolution, was an exact topographical sketch of the country round Campbeltown, containing directions by which I could find without difficulty the cave which had been the scene of his atrocities. I immediately went to Campbeltown, and quickly traced the path, till I found the entrance to the gloomy cavern. The unburied bodies of

his murdered victims made it almost death to enter, but my profession needed such a retreat; therefore I took the jellied corses of Howburgh's sister and babe, buried them in a lower vault, and distinguished their grave by a black marble flag, and the rich canopy of the bed I found them lying beside. I then opened the cells according to my directions; but, on entering one of them, was almost overpowered by the horrible stench that issued from it. I left the door open some time, and then, when I went in, saw, by the light I carried, two men lying dead, and in a state of putrefaction; and from their clothes, which were covered with blood, now black with time, I con-

ceived them to be this wretch's servants. I need not tell you, Amina, my feelings at that moment; first, I intended to leave them in the sepulchre that was the scene of their murder; but this would have been risking my existence, as the putrid exhalations would have entirely corrupted the already damp and unwholesome air of the cavern. I therefore rolled them in the coverlet of the bed on which they lay, and dragged them to holes which I had prepared for their reception. When these necessary duties were performed, I viewed the wonderful place; and, in one of the closets, found fifty jars of gold, from which I did not dare to take a single piece.

"The murders and suicide of Howburgh still haunted my lonesome thoughts, and I never walked through the dark aisle without expecting to see the spectres of his wife, babe, and followers; but custom, at length, banished those ideas, and I fitted a small cell for the reception of my own plunder.

"By pushing the right eye of the lion, you will open this as well as the other cells; and when the left eye is touched, they will close again instantly; the springs were contrived by Howburgh. The key of the iron gate is in the lock. Adieu!"

Whilst Rolando was endeavouring to ex-

ment from Anna every information which it was in her power to give with respect to his father's history, so long unknown to him; his faithful adherents, Edward and Sandy, who had hitherto soundly slept on their separate straw bosses, were awakened by the crowing of Anna's poultry. A flight of rooks now passed over the cottage, and by their enlivening cooings, told him it must be perfectly light; and Sandy, at his request (having rubbed his brow, and stretched himself) arose, and opened the door, when the grey morning rays instantly gloomed the light of the candle. Rolando extinguished the now useless taper, and went to the cottage door, still deeply occupied with Anna's pitiable

account of his parents; but his gloomy thoughts were a little diverted by Anna's curious fowl, who now covered the cottage floor, picking up what crumbs they found. Their mistress now, with a well-known call, scattered some grain upon a flat rock outside the cottage door, and instantly her feathered companions surrounded it. She then placed a comfortable breakfast before her guests; and, when they had fully satisfied their appetites, Rolando gave Sandy some money to enable him to bring three horses from Campbeltown, as he was impatient to renew his journey to Sereland castle.

When he and Edward had departed, Ro-

lando took the opportunity of relating his memoirs to his sympathizing aunt. He began with his first journey to Scotland, and his introduction to Julia Ribblestone, which he related as follows: "About two years ago my venerable guardian, Father Mac Bride, advised me to go to Scotland to superintend some repairs which were necessary to be done to Loch-Clenny Castle; but it was with difficulty he prevailed on me, as I had never from my childhood been away from him; and I left him with a sorrow I can ill describe.

"I had a quick passage, and soon entered the village of Achintie: the governor, Lord Ribblestone, came to the harbour, and very

politely invited me, and all the respectable passengers, to the castle on the fort. We were hospitably entertained by him and his lovely daughter, the incomparable Julia, whose soft blue eyes took entire possession of my glowing heart. I remained at her father's hospitable castle till mine at the Loch was completely repaired; and every hour I passed in Julia's company only augmented my passion. I at last spoke seriously to her, and she, with a heavenly blush and drooping head, referred me to her father. I accordingly asked his consent, and with joy received it. He then wished to see the castle of Loch-Clonny; and, on the following day, we set off for it with my intended bride.

"A clergyman, who had been sent by Mac Bride, resided in the castle, and possessed a small curacy in its neighbourhood; he was my chaplain, and used to read prayers in the chapel adjoining Loch-Cloony castle. On the evening of our arrival, as Lord Ribblestone and I sat at our wine, I hinted to him that father O'Brien would unite Julia and me; but he would not dispense with the ridiculous form, of having the ceremony performed at his own residence.

"The following ill-omened morning lighted a horseman out of breath to my castle, who delivered to Lord Ribblestone a pacquet, which, when he had read, he

ordered his carriage; and, to mine and Julia's astonishment, carried her off, leaving a command that I should never see her more.

I could not imagine the cause of his sudden departure; but, in direct opposition to his cruel mandate, instantly followed, and arrived at the fort nearly as soon as they: I obtained admission to his apartment, and was shown to his presence. When I demanded the cause of his dishonorable proceedings, he desired me to quit the fort; and told me positively I could not be his daughter's husband, and that if I was ever found lurking about his castle, I should instantly be put to death; and, even in my presence,

he gave orders to that effect. I quitted him in disgust, and rode in agonies to the Lodge, where I remained nearly eight months; and, during that time, never received the least intelligence from the spies whom I had stationed around Achintie; until, at length, weary and in a bad state of health, I returned to Ireland, where I remained in a sickly state for some months. But my restless heart again brought me back to this country; and I travelled by night the crags of Achintie, more like a spirit of desolation than a man; until one morning, my servant brought me word that Julia was on that night to be married to a certain rich noble-man, whose name he could not learn—"

The bugle of Sandy here put an end to Rolando's narrative; when, in a few words, having told his aunt the great cause of his haste, and taking a friendly farewell of her, with a promise to return as soon as circumstances would allow him, accompanied by his trusty Wolf, he descended the rock. In three days they arrived at the castle of the Baron Sereland, the prison of our hapless heroine. Rolando's intentions were fixed in demanding her from her stubborn gaoler, and immediately he knocked at the gate. Julia saw him from her window, and waved her hand. Rolando, when he saw the white signal, immediately returned it. The gate now opened, and the Baron appeared; he

ceived them to be this wretch's servants. I need not tell you, Amina, my feelings at that moment; first, I intended to leave them in the sepulchre that was the scene of their murder; but this would have been risking my existence, as the putrid exhalations would have entirely corrupted the already damp and unwholesome air of the cavern. I therefore rolled them in the coverlet of the bed on which they lay, and dragged them to holes which I had prepared for their reception. When these necessary duties were performed, I viewed the wonderful place; and, in one of the closets, found fifty jars of gold, from which I did not dare to take a single piece.

window, to take, as he imagined, a last farewell of her, he saw some workmen on the top of the tower, repairing its ancient roof. Julia was not at the window as he expected, but a sudden ray of happiness flashed on his heart, as this incident disclosed some hope of her deliverance.

He hastened to the cottage which Sandy and Edward had stopped at, and, calling them aside, told them his ill success with Sereland; and having desired Sandy immediately to go to ——— for a peasant's dress, requested Edward to watch the men on the tower until they left their work, and then to bring their principal to him at the

end of the castle wood; which, towards evening (after tying Wolf in the cottage) he repaired to.

He had not waited an hour when he saw Edward and a workman approaching. He hastened to meet them, and, after presenting the man with a few pieces of gold, asked if he could pass *him* through the court gate that night as his assistant. The man did not hesitate, but replying in the affirmative, calmly put the shining metal in his pouch, told our hero he should see him in that spot as the castle bell tolled eleven, and immediately took his leave. Edward and our hero departed for the cottage, and, on their way

thither, met Sandy. Rolando desired to see his disguise, which consisted of an old plaid cloak, blue jerkin, and kiltie.

He immediately put it on over his own clothes.

The dull and heavy passing hours preceding the appointed time, he passed in viewing the castle, which was seated on a rude rock, and strongly fortified both by nature and art. It consisted of two round towers, covered with a dark yellow moss, peculiar to all ancient walls; and in the top of one of those towers was Julia confined; and from this guarded insuperable height, was Ro-

lando forced by stratagem to rescue his betrothed bride. He ordered Sandy and Edward to return again to the cottage, and remain there till they heard his bugle; but poor Sandy heard this chilling mandate with tears gushing from his keen blue eyes, for he longed to share the dangers of his master, and said, 'Sure, my lord will not attempt this alone?'

"Alone!" said Rolando, and with a frown beckoned to him to retire.

He obeyed, accompanied by Edward, and both sorrowfully took the way to the cottage.

Rolando seated himself upon one of the stones that had rolled ages past from the ragged crumbling precipice over him. All was still and silent, save the mournful whistle of the sentinel that walked the platform before the castle, or the heavy flap of the owlet's wing, as she searched with an eager eye, the crannies of the weedy precipice.

The clock struck the quarter before eleven. Rolando's heart beat as he hastened to the wood, where he met his guide already waiting for him. He told Rolando there was no necessity for passing the gate, as he knew a path at the back of the castle that would lead him to the court; so say-

ing, he led forward, and they soon got to the spot where Rolando had been sitting; and having ascended the rock, found themselves in a little court, where stood the ladder.

Rolando desired his guide to leave him, and found his mandate obeyed with suspicious celerity; and being now alone, with a resolute step he mounted the long ladder to the window. He heard the sentinel humming an old ditty, but it was evident that his watch did not extend to this court. The window to which he had ascended, to his grief he found strongly grated with thick iron bars, that were buried in the very

building; he looked through them, and all within was dark, silent, and comfortless. "Julia! Julia! my love, my life!" said he, with a trembling voice. He heard a low cry, and his name pronounced. The wicket was locked, but it was Julia who stood at it!—

. . . . . .

He was silent.——

. . . . . .

If the inanimate bars had been possessed of pity, they would have sprung from the rock that bound them, and given Julia to her faithful lover. He gazed a moment on her slender form, as her head rested on the inside bars, and the next he was on the tower's roof. With an Herculean arm he

dragged up the flags that were newly laid on it, and with a hammer, which he found there forgotten by the workmen, made an opening in the arch sufficient to admit him into the apartment. Oh! what were the transports of these faithful lovers at this awful moment! He took her in his arms, and drawing a table under the aperture, leaped through it, and drew her trembling after him. They now stood in silence on the top of the tower. Rolando held her to his bosom, as if fearful of some visionary power that might as yet deprive him of her. He looked over the ivy-grown battlements, and all beneath was a deep cloud of darkness. The ban dogs bayed their nightly

vigils from their respective owners' court-yards, and the cold night breeze whistled through the ivy that surrounded their feet. "We must descend," said he, throwing his plaid around the trembling Julia, "and may the Almighty guide us in safety." He then descended the trembling ladder, closely grasping her in his strong sinewy arms.

They got down in safety to the court, and soon descended the precipice, when Rolando, in ecstasies, kissed her unresisting lips, and on them murmured, "We are safe! —safe from all human art! My horses, and two companions await me at yonder cottage; and Sereland must have the wings of a

damon if he will o'ertake us." "May angels deliver us from his power!" was Julia's sighing ejaculation.

They now crossed a level field, and entered a plantation that led to the cottage. Edward and Sandy, who were expecting Rolando's signal, now ran overjoyed at seeing them safe. Rolando gave Edward a purse and ring, telling him the latter should be his authority for being Loch-Clonny's governor in its lord's absence; and, after taking an affectionate farewell, desired him to repair thither immediately. He seated Julia on the horse which Edward rode, then mounted his own; and, having covered her

with the plaid cloak, they soon crossed the gloomy heath, followed by Sandy and Wolf. As they urged their panting horses, they were met by two men on horseback, one of whom gazed attentively at them; but the gloom of midnight, and the rapidity of his courser, did not allow Rolando to remark who he was.

Towards morning they came in sight of ———, but, considering it too near to danger, they avoided it, and soon entered ———. Here they stopped at a tolerable inn; and Rolando ordered Sandy to go to a broker's, and purchase a disguise for Julia, with which he soon returned. While she

was changing her clothes, Rolando went into the stable to see Wolf and the horses fed; he there met his host, who was a complete picture of jollity and good living. He saluted Rolando with a bow, in which his head nearly touched the pavement, and told him, he thought himself highly honored in having such a nobleman his guest; and that if he searched all Scotland, he could not find such another inn. That he had always plenty of provision in his larder; and as for his wines, France could not out-do them for age or flavor. Rolando by a courteous smile assented to his own praise, and, telling him to produce some of his best viands, departed to Julia.

When he entered the apartment, he started at her altered appearance; she looked like a lad of about fifteen, but her features were too regular, soft, and languishing, for any of the sex. She wore a bonnet of purple velvet, shaded with a rich plume of ostrich feathers; her jerkin was of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold, and her kiltie and hose were of white and purple plaid. She blushed deeply at the entrance of her lover, and was in the act of binding her long flowing hair, that waved in thick auburn ringlets round her snowy fingers.

"Oh! you have been too hasty," said she, "it was my intention to follow you, to

see if you would pass me in my present disguise."

"I certainly should have passed you," said he; "and believe me, no one could know the beautiful Julia under the disguise of a young Scotch laird. But we are secure," continued he, "and, once united, the power of Sereland ceases; but, till then, we must make use of the strictest caution. It is my intention to return to Ireland, and there be married by my almost father and preceptor Mac Bride. I have often told you of this good priest's love for me, and you know it will be his greatest happiness to perform this sacred ceremony." Julia was

silent, but her full eyes spoke more than language could express. According to Rolando's orders, supper was brought in by Sandy; he wished to keep Julia unseen, lest they might be traced by the indefatigable Sereland. They sat down; and, when they had concluded a hearty meal, and Rolando was finishing the last of a flask of his host's much praised wine, they heard a carriage drive to the door, and the landlord called. However, as they expected such scenes at an hotel, they made themselves easy, and remained about an hour in such conversation as true lovers generally engage in, concerning their future plans; and Julia often patted the black nose of faithful Wolf, as

his master recapitulated his numerous adventures.

In the most interesting part of their conversation, the door of the apartment gently opened, and a Scotch soldier made his appearance, and instantly retired. Rolando arose, went to the door, and demanded who it was, as he heard the clattering of arms passing down the stairs; but his demand, though uttered in a loud voice, received no answer. He then ordered Sandy up stairs, with directions to have his pistols prepared on the table beside him; and his faithful servant had scarcely quitted the apartment, ere the Baron Sereland

entered it, accompanied by two men of the most ferocious appearance. Julia shrieked, and Rolando grasped a pistol in each hand. The Baron bowed to him, and seemed not at all fearful: "Put up your weapons," said he, offering him his hand; "I come not to interrupt your happiness." Then, eyeing Julia with a satirical smile, "So my fair ward has left her guardian without his consent; but I forgive you, *Signior* Julia; you know I never can hold enmity a moment to any one." Julia looked at him with surprise, mingled with terror. He then again addressed Rolando: "All I wished, young man, was a proof of your courage in taking this lady, as her dying father be-

queathed her to my charge with this singular command: '*Never to give her to man living, that had not shown a proof of his courage in her behalf.*' This *you* have done to the height of my ardent wishes; and were he alive to witness your adventure this night at Sereland Castle, he must have enjoyed the scene of your mounting the tower, and bringing his fair daughter through its roof. Come," continued he, "I respect such courage; we are friends; give me your hand, and I pledge my honor you will be kindly received, if you accompany me home. I have already given orders for your marriage preparation; and you know it would be rather indecorous, if Julia were married

elsewhere than at her own residence, at which I request she will now and always consider Sereland Castle."

Rolando looked with joy and amazement on Julia, who had now crept to his side; and, not knowing what answer to make, was silent. "If you will not accept of my offer," said the Baron, "you will only disappoint my fervent wishes to oblige you; and remember, my lord, you mistrust the honor of a man who shudders at the thought of your suspicion. The answer I gave you when we last met, was only an inducement for you to execute my friend the governor's will." Rolando at these words smiled, and

the Baron, counting the omen good, proceeded.

"Do you imagine," said he, "if I intended to keep her from you, that I should have allowed the ladder to remain reared against the very window?" Rolando was convinced, and, taking the cold hand of the Baron, thanked him for his kindness, and said he would be the basest of men if he suspected him a moment; so Julia, finding all was settled, retired into an adjoining room, and changed her masculine robes. The Baron would take no refreshment of any kind; and, as soon as Julia was prepared, they all stepped into his coach and

departed, except Sandy, who remained behind to pay the host his demand; and soon after, attended by Wolf, joined the guard that followed the carriage.

"I assure you," said the Baron to Julia, "you quite astonished me; you are a complete heroine, and were a very romantic figure in your highland livery. But love is a powerful deity, and none can disobey the mandates once issued from his hearted throne."

"My lord," replied Julia, "if all his orders were as sweet to others as they are to me, I should imagine the little winged god would not be so much rated at." "Ah!"

said the Baron, "you are a foolish girl; but, when you arrive to years of discretion, you will entertain a different opinion." He then asked Rolando where he intended to reside, whether in Scotland or Ireland." "I have made choice of the latter country," answered Rolando, "for many reasons; it was my native land, and the dear friends of my youth reside there; and I wish to show the country to Julia, who as yet has never seen it." "Well," said the Baron, "as long as you remain in Scotland, you shall make my castle your home." Rolando thanked him for his kindness, and all were silent until the morning shone through the windows of the carriage, and discovered to Rolando the

greatest contrast that painter could design, between the countenance of the Baron and that of Julia. His face betrayed the ravages of time in many a deeply furrowed wrinkle; his eyes were grey, without lustre, and o'erhung by a huge pair of bushy eyebrows; his nose was arched and bony; and his lips thin and pale. All was finished by large curls of red and grey hair that waved, through the motion of the carriage, from under a bonnet of black velvet. Excessive anxiety during Rolando's absence, and fretting for the death of her father, had almost erased the slight tinge of red that usually decked the cheek of Julia. Her complexion never had been high, but was like the

wild white rose-bud, which tufts her native vallies, and seems to the passing traveller, to have reflected a slight crimson from some neighbouring poppy; but, when closely examined, its blush is found to be natural to its youth. Want of sleep had now entirely faded this slight tinge, and left nothing but its *ground*, which was the purest, clearest white; her half-closed eyes were bent on Rolando, as, with the deepest concern, he observed her altered looks; whilst she, not conscious of this alteration, smiled as he took her hand. To his anxious enquiry whether she was well, she answered, "Perfectly so;" and demanded with a sigh, his reason for such a question. "All lovers,"

interrupted the Baron, "imagine their mistresses are absolutely indisposed on their account, and why should Rolando be out of the circle?"

They now entered upon the first skirts of the wood of Sereland Castle, where scattered clumps of old trees shaded the deep green pasture. Speckled deer, aroused with the noise of the carriage, and the shouts of the following guards, crossed the road in great numbers; Rolando saw Wolf attempting to pursue them, but it was only an attempt, as he was nearly dead through fatigue. This hurt Rolando's feelings sorely, for he loved the good-natured animal; and

the tear stood in his eye when he saw his tawny coat foul with mud.

The yellow battlements of Sereland Castle now frowned through a black grove of lofty pines, which served for the aviary of an immense colony of herons; which, on heavy dark wings, were wheeling round their respective nests.

The rolling of the carriage, and trampling of the horses, were echoed through the woods, now clothed in their bright green vernal livery. A foaming river rushed madly through its grey, rocky bed, dark with o'erhanging boughs of ancient oaks

and willows, that were covered with huge mats of plaited ivy; and its splashes served as a hissing accompaniment to the mellow coo of the clapping wood-pigeon. No forester, with his sharp laboring axe, ever dared to strike the sylvan towering princes of this demesne; they reared their lofty heads in peace, and some afforded a friendly support to their fallen neighbours, whom the strong, wild, wintry storm had tumbled, to rise no more.

The carriage now passed a massive iron gate, that creaked on its brown rusty hinges, as it was with difficulty pushed open by an old silver-haired porter, who, as the

carriage passed through, respectfully bowed; and they soon stopped at the portal of the castle, o'er which was emblazoned with a rude chisel, the family arms, and the year in which the fabric was built. The Baron stepped slowly out, supported by a venerable domestic, and was followed by Rolando and Julia. He led the way up a broad marble staircase into an immense apartment, whose sides were o'erhung with a rich tapestry, representing the labors of Hercules; and a large organ nearly covered one wall. The arched windows were composed of stained glass, whose bright tints were beamed by the red morning sun on a snowy cloth that covered the breakfast table.

The Baron took the hands of Julia and Rolando, and, with a dark smile, welcomed them to his castle, and led them to their seats at the breakfast table.

Julia was too much fatigued to eat any thing, and, importuned by Rolando, was shown into a chamber prepared for her reception; where, without undressing, she threw herself on a rich curtained bed, and sleep soon visited her weary eyes.

As soon as breakfast was concluded, the Baron proposed a hawking match, saying that his falconer Richard had always a good cast of hawks.

He changed his dress for a hunting one, and, joined by Rolando, soon entered the mew;* where they were saluted by Richard, an old sagacious Scots sportsman. "Richard," said the Baron, "I will have in the field this morning, a cast of strong long-winged hawks, and merlins."†

"Your lordship," answered Richard, "can have the best hawks in Scotland. There are Gripe, Thunderbolt, Snowdon, Arrow,

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* An open latticed apartment hawks are kept in.

† A species of hawk not much bigger than a blackbird.

Pinch——" "Well! well!" interrupted the Baron, "Do as I desire. Here, Sam, saddle the roans, and lead them round."

Rolando now entered the mew, and saw about twenty hawks, some feeding, and others moping on their perches, blinded by their tasselled hoods. Richard gave a loud whoop, which was answered by the piercing cry of the well-trained birds; he unbuckled the jesses of two fine falcons, one a Ger, and the other a red Indian.

"These are two pictures, my lord," said he to Rolando, stroking their smooth

backs with his hand, "these are birds would fly a heron to the sun."

Richard now called his usual attendants; and the baron and Rolando mounted the spirited horses, followed by most of the former's suite, and three brace of well-trained Scotch spaniels. They rode through deep vistas of the wood, until, at length, they gained the same heath over which Rolando and Julia had fled the night before. When the party had ridden about a mile and a half along this plain, one of the spaniels made a set, and the rest of his companions backed him. Richard now rode up to the

Baron, took off his bonnet, and begged leave to tell his lordship not to proceed any further, or he would drive the birds into the heath; and, having told him to keep to the left, he rode between the heath and the game, which ran among the long grass, followed at a distance by the setting dogs. The birds, having seen the falcons, kept close to the ground, trusting to the fleetness of their legs, rather than to their wings, with such unequal adversaries. They turned from the heath, and fled before the cautious dogs from Richard, until they had now brought their sharp spies nearly two hundred yards from the party. At length, the pack arose on strong burring wings, when Richard

instantly let slip the leash, and snapped the hood off his red Indian falcon, whose rapid wing soon o'ertook the low flying grouse. At a stoop he laid low their leader, and strongly held in his yellow talons the brawn rough-footed inhabitant of the heath; and the pitiless falconer, regardless of his beauty and scarlet eye-brows, twisted off his neck as a reward for his keen-eyed bird.

Just at this instant a heron was seen flying towards them, and the two long-winged hawks were sent to meet him. They rose rapidly into their native element, and the cunning *fisherman*, knowing their strength,

still rose higher, until, at last, neither hawks nor heron were to be seen.

All the party kept silence, until the cackling of the heron, and the shrill barking of the falcons, were faintly heard;—now more distinct—and now they are seen struggling, and falling to the ground.

"He's dead! he's dead!" said Richard, "and poor Tassel's under." He raised the upper falcon, and placed him upon the hand of one of the attendants; but it was useless to assist Tassel, as he was choked long before he came to the earth, by the horny sharp beak of his enraged foe, who lay beat-

ing the long grass with his blue wings, in the last agonies of death.

Richard, with a wet eye-lash, reared his red falcon from the ground, and strove to rest his dead talons again on his hawking glove; but his head drooped on his speckled wing, and his once full sparkling eye was closed beneath its yellow lid.

"Poor Tassel! poor bird!" said Richard, (kicking the body of the dead heron,) "you never more will follow the flying hare or burring partridge. Never! oh never! will you soar over my head, or flap the morning vapors with your expanded wings."

The Baron and his unfeeling vassals laughed loudly at poor Richard's funeral oration; but Rolando sympathized in the rustic's grief, and, having called him aside, asked him, "Did he ever lose a hawk before?" "Many," said Richard, "but none I loved so well as Tassel. He was my make* hawk these many years, and it was wholly on your lordship's account I brought him from the mew this morning, as I thought he would show you what hawking

* A make hawk, is an old staunch flying hawk, which being inured to the flight, will easily instruct a younger hawk.

was. Did you see how he struck the heath-cock? Sure such a winged falcon I'll never see again!—He belonged to myself; I gave my master up two years' wages for him, and little did I think, when he mounted after that damned heron, he would be himself———"

Here the Baron interrupted Richard, by telling Rolando he had some business with a few of his tenants; and that, if he chose to follow the sport for an hour or so, he would join him again. Rolando bowed, and the baron was soon out of sight.

"Richard," said our hero, (presenting

him with some gold,) "here are your two years' wages." He took the proffered money, and, with a deep sigh, put it, together with his dead favorite, into his game bag. Rolando then left the field, and, in a short time, was in the darkest part of the demesne. He rode along a winding path, that was walled on one side with huge oaks, laid one on the other, as a defence to the unwary passenger against falling headlong down a bare slaty precipice, which reared its blue side above a foaming river; and, on the opposite rocks, an old chapel peeped from a thick grove of laurel and holly. Rolando was curious to see this piece of ancient architecture, and took the road that led to it

over a rustic bridge, under whose branchy arches the river fell on broken rocks, that were whitened with its frothing foam.

He tied the horse which he rode, to a tree near it, and walked to its centre.

The sportive trout were eagerly springing at their buzzing prey, through the maddest eddies of the hoarse cataract; and the king-fishers, joined by the greedy heron, sat each on his little stone patiently awaiting the approach of their small finny prey. The cautious doe, leading her yellow fawn, was seen issuing from the glades of the impending woods, to the green grass that

bordered the stream; and the turrets of the ancient distant castle closed this romantic scene.

Rolando walked to the dark laurel grove, from which issued the mellow, purling notes of the loud-whistling blackbird; and, on entering the aile of the chapel, was astonished at seeing the Baron's horse there. He expected every moment to find the animal's master, but was disappointed; and turning out of an old window, which time had transformed into an entrance to the ruins, opposite to it he saw a low arch that led, as he supposed, to some burying vault; and, seeing a Latin inscription in tolerable

preservation over it, on a white marble flag, he walked towards it, but had not proceeded far, when he heard a voice, which he knew to be the Baron's, repeat the following words with passion and vehemence:

"If hell should gape, and exhibit all its horrors, I'll have her!"—

Rolando heard the clank of his spurs, and retreated back unperceived to the centre of the bridge, where his mind seemed entirely occupied by the beauty of the scene. In about a quarter of an hour, he saw the Baron riding towards the bridge,

who hastened his speed on seeing our hero.

"I considered you, my lord, a more ardent sportsman," said he, on coming up.

"You were much mistaken," said Rolando, "as hunting is the only rural amusement for which I have any predilection; but hawking is a sport I never liked, as there can be neither dexterity nor courage shown at it; and such pursuits, unaccompanied by exercise, are rather irksome to me."

"That was my opinion too," said the

Baron, "but the lean scythe-bearer will make cowards of us all. Have you seen the ruins of this chapel?"

"I have, and think that they add a solemn grandeur to this part of the wood, which would make me (were I its master) choose it as my favorite retreat."

"There are strange sights seen about it!" said Sereland, as he reluctantly followed Rolando between its ancient walls.

"Oh!" said our hero, "such a lonesome spot, containing the ashes of the long since dead, presents a fair excuse for superstition."

"The frightful spectre of a famous magician, (the ruins of whose hut you see yonder,) is said nightly to walk the groves around this chapel: I have myself," continued the Baron, "often heard most doleful screams and howlings issuing from it, and could never account for them."

They now paced the cemetery of the chapel, and the Baron pointed to a stone, on which a human figure, at full length, was rudely raised, (not by the most skilful artist,) dressed in a flowing robe covered with curious characters; in one hand he held a thin staff, and the other seemed to press a book to his breast.

"There he lies," said Sereland, "who was once the terror of this part of Scotland; but, thanks to the fiends! they have taken from the country this troublesome intruder. He seems not content with doing what ill he could whilst living, but must after his death affright fearful travellers. Yet I ought to feel grateful to him, for he has saved me many a good buck; I need no park-keeper whilst he holds his court in my demesne."

"What was the name of this wonderful man?" "They called him the Grey Warlock; and this stone was carved by his own hand many years before his death.

But when he was informed by his magic book, that his death was fixed on some particular day, he calmly walked here, and with his nails, which were remarkably long, dug his grave, and quietly laid himself in it. However, his old companions, the demons, did not let him long rest, for they bore him shrieking off through the black clouds, and left in his place this rude likeness."

Rolando smiling moved to the vault, and was reading the inscription, when the Baron interrupted him by saying, "Here is another very curious tomb!"

"Hush!" said Rolando, "I hear a step in the passage."

"Heaven defend us!" said the Baron, "let us depart." "I'll see it out," said our hero, drawing a pistol from his girdle, and rushing down the steps. He soon returned, dragging along a figure covered in a long black gown, and struggling to free itself. "Devil or spectre, Warlock or witch," said the noble son of Mac Devon, "I will bring you to light."

Then presenting to Sereland the unfortunate wight, (now nearly suffocated by

passion, and Rolando's strong grasp,) he asked him, was it really the grey Warlock or Satan himself? The Baron's lips quivered, and he trembled with rage as Rolando presented to his view the holy chaplain of Sereland castle. "Loose him!" said he, "you know not what you do; this is father Pierre!"

As he concluded, Rolando let go the mortified friar, whose features were already black and distorted.

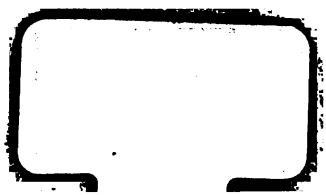
"I humbly beg your pardon, holy father," said Rolando; "and, had I but the

least suspicion of whom I was pursuing, I should not have laid my unsanctified hands on your sacred garment. But why did you retreat?"

"Young man!" said Pierre, "I know not who you are; but, whoever you may be, you may curse this evil hour. Away! leave this spot, lest the wrath of Him who grasps the thunder, should strike you lower than the dead beneath you!"

Rolando, considering it but useless to argue with a man, whose passions were raised so high, frowned a contemptuous

smile on passing him; and, bowing to the Baron, crossed the bridge, mounted his impatient horse, and soon was in the midst of the demesne.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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